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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Zoe: the History of Two Lives. By Geraldine Ensor Jewsbury. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall. In another page of this sheet we have said a few words upon the class of religious novels which superabound at the present time; but have here to offer a few remarks upon a single production of a different tendency, namely, an irreligious or infidel Novel, of which direct kind we have fewer issues from the press. It is the work of woman's brain and hand; and an extraordinary work it is! For a species of talent almost amounting to genius; for passages of burning passion and vivid description; for unrestrained freedom of thought and reckless boldness of expression; we are not aware of any publication of a similar character in the English language. It is hardly possible to believe it written by a female; but the name on the title-page is well known to belong to the literary circles of Manchester, and to be borne by an individual there, the younger sister of the late lamented Mrs. Fletcher, whose early performances and too early death made a strong and melancholy impression on the public mind. We must believe, therefore, that *Zoe* is by Miss Geraldine Ensor Jewsbury, a lady between the experienced years of thirty and forty, whom we have actually seen in social existence. Of the construction of the story, the incoherency of the finish with the beginning—that is, of the third volume with the first two—and the wretched and abortive effect thereby produced on the general design, we need say little. It appears as if the last volume (still very clever in parts) had been added to defeat what had gone before; and was made up of unconnected matter, though of similar nature. An introduction of Count Mirabeau, wildly yet strikingly and originally sketched, utterly destroys the interest which has been wrought up for the heroine; whilst it may, perhaps, agree with the psychological doctrines of the author, and not be unnatural. For *Zoe* is drawn as an innate coquette—her middle life is only hallowed and steadied by an unhallowed love; and it is possible that, the impression weakened, she might again fall within the same relations with another man.

But the same defence cannot be set up for the part of O'Brian. One so irredeemably base, unprincipled, and unfeeling, never could settle into a good and deserving husband.

And this brings us to the moral of the tale; or rather to the conclusion to which every portion of it clearly points, and which has caused us to designate it as infidel, and very extraordinary for a female to publish.

Besides *Zoe*, the wife of a wealthy Roman Catholic gentleman, named Gifford (in compliment, it may be, to the *Standard* newspaper), there are two prominent male characters—Father Everhard, a rigidly educated, most zealous, and eminently distinguished Romish priest; and the Rev. Horace O'Brian, a scion of an Irish noble family, bred to the Protestant church, holder of an English rectory, and a furious anti-Catholic preacher, tract-deliverer, and proselytiser. In delineating these lights and ornaments of the rival religions, Miss Geraldine

Jewsbury makes them infamous hypocrites, both adhering to their separate creeds merely from the accidents of birth and education; both (within the holy of holies) seeing the fallacies imposed on mankind; both disbelieving the doctrines they are bound to teach; and both ultra in their bigoted professions against every other faith. The only difference is, that the warmer temperament and greater conscientiousness of Everhard induce him, on a *dénouement* with *Zoe*, to abjure his church; whereas the smoother O'Brian goes on to the end, through sordid marriage and the sacrifice of the woman he really loves, to prosperous preferment and a third union with a rich and brilliant widow, as nobly allied as himself. The palpable and only inference from the whole conduct of this representation is, that both the Roman Catholic and Protestant religions are fallacious farces, solemnly played for the benefit of unbelieving and sordid pantomimists. And this is the essential spirit of the book; for even where the Christian principles are described as more pure, they do little else than produce weak devoteism, and never strengthen or uphold the minds or influence the actions of their possessors. Clotilde the nun, from O'Brian's desertion, is an example of the first, and Everhard's brother, and *Zoe* herself, of the last.

But we must further touch on another of the remarkable aspects of this publication, as coming from a female—it is the marvellous painting of amative feelings, not only in the writer's own, but in the other sex. Since the bathos scene in the *Monk*, we have read nothing like the fire-scene in *Zoe*! The tumultuous fierceness of excited passions, the troubled emotions of desire and pangs of despair, the exhaustion of the conflict—in short, the all which we cannot repeat in this journal—are of masterly as well as mistressly potency, enough to set all the mills of Manchester, and the mill-owners too, in a blaze. The Anti-Corn-Law League is not adequate to produce such a combustion. After this the Cotton Metropolis can only be insured as doubly hazardous.

And now we are fairly puzzled. After having thus truly stated the singular, and we must add revolting, nature of this work, ought we, as an act of justice to the author, to exhibit her qualities as extremely able in composition, style, and portraiture, in counterbalance to our heavy censures? Were it 'he,' instead of 'she,' we would not; but we cannot resist the appeal of the petticoat, however strangely worn, nor of the stocking, however irreverently and stainedly blue. A young scamp (afterwards a prodigious ornament and minister of the church and court of Rome) from the country, who makes an acquaintance with the stage in London, is thus noticed:

"The third night after I was in London I went to Drury Lane theatre. I had never seen a play; it was enchantment; I doubted whether such delight could be intended for mortals. I went again and again. By day I haunted the private door of a small theatre near my lodging, thinking it would be blessed to be even a candle-snuffer, and looking with respect on the little boys who distributed the

handbills. I contrived, by a lucky accident, to scrape acquaintance with one of the actresses, a pretty creature, and a great favourite with the manager; she spoke a good word for me, and I made my *début* as a silent page; but I had talents, and was soon promoted to talking parts. I was a great favourite with the women of our company, and I enjoyed the way of life amazingly. True, we were rogues and vagabonds in the eyes of respectable people; but really I don't think we were much worse than our neighbours, and we thought no small things of ourselves, I can assure you. As drinking was not one of my faults, I managed to keep my chin above water, and to live very gaily for a couple of months. I was better worth then than I am now, though nobody, perhaps, will believe it. After all, I have only left one stage to come on another; for what is saying mass, I should like to know, but acting a solemn charade? And in the sermons, which are a sort of programme, is it not asserted that the whole affair will finally be wound up by a magnificent *tableau* of a 'last judgment,' a grand display of 'lakes of fire,' 'devils,' 'ministers of deathless wrath,' who will sweep away some into everlasting destruction; whilst a fair city of gold and precious stones, full of light, music, and rejoicing, will appear for the reception of the rest? I would not wish for a more theatrical *dénouement*. To all this is to be added, the terrible excitement for those blessed ones of seeing 'the smoke of the burning rising up for ever and ever.' I hardly know which fate would make one shudder the most, if one believed it."

We beg it to be held in mind that we are quoting instances of literary talent, not of principle. Other instances of the contempt with which religion is treated occurs in the following extract, written by a Miss:

"There is in acute bodily pain something that rouses all one's energies to grapple with it; there is no instance on record of a person committing suicide either in a paroxysm of bodily suffering, or to escape the most severe surgical operation. *Zoe* was half bewildered at the fierce reality of pain. 'What, is all this horror of horrors a law of nature that cannot be altered!' she exclaimed, between gasps of prayers for mercy, which she felt was mockery. It was not till after her child was born, and she lay feeble and helpless, that she had leisure to meditate on the strange capability of enduring for hours, suffering which once she would have imagined must quickly end in death. *Zoe* wept in utter weakness, not for herself, but at the thought of all the suffering and agony so many millions of women had borne before her. Her eyes seemed suddenly opened to all the misery there was in the world; she realised with a terrible and morbid vividness the varied forms of human suffering; poor girl! the very hospitals and operation-rooms seemed to open before her eyes, and disclose their secrets. Hitherto she had never thought about evil,—she had not wondered at it; now, it rose before her in all its awful mystery. She brought to her recollection all she had been taught, all she had read of the well-compacted plausible theories by which men,

living at ease, and in health, have complacently endeavoured to reconcile and account for every thing. She turned for comfort to the religion she had been taught; but it seemed cold and forced, and to have no tangible meaning. The prayers and praises that were prescribed by all forms of religion, seemed to her only the aspirations of crushed slaves under the hand that lay heavy upon them. Wherever she turned for refuge, she beheld only dimness of anguish; and driven into darkness, she exclaimed in the frenzy of her soul, 'Where is the All-powerful, the All-merciful, in whom we are taught to believe?' When she recollected that even according to the Christian faith, all the complicated miseries of this life, to the greater number, are but the 'beginning of sorrows,' to be carried to a horrible perfection through all eternity after death,—the calm, apathetic belief of Miss Rodney, and the placid acquiescence in this tremendous doctrine by the gentle, unruffled Clotilde, roused her hatred and disbelief in all religion almost to insanity. She wondered how the purblind old confessor, believing all this as he professed to do, could rest contented in the midst of a world devoted to such horrible torment, thinking he had done his part towards saving it, by his mumbled prayers, his days of abstinence, and his droning sermon once a week; she was astonished that all living creatures did not realise their condition as she did. But as her strength increased, this morbid exaltation passed away. * * *

"Gifford (the excellent and good man, her husband), anxious to have further advice, and also, if the truth must be told, rather weary of the monotony of his matrimonial life, determined to leave the castle, and reside for some time first at Bath, and afterwards in London. The arrangements were speedily made."

The writer's philosophical ideas are indicated in the subjoined:

"There are times when the heart is opened in written confession as it never is, never could be, to the dearest or most sympathising friend. It is not sympathy that we require at such times, it is to learn that which is lying hid in our own heart. The thoughts that oppress us have not yet taken a shape, but they are come too near the surface to be longer suppressed. * * *

"What a poor thing all the happiness of this world is! We often feel disposed to envy a man for being happy, though at the same time we should for ourselves utterly despise the thing that renders him so. My brother is going to be married; he seems overflowing with gentle pleasure and egotism: ever good-natured, he shews his disposition to make every one else who comes across his path a sharer in his happiness; that he may see nothing out of keeping: but he can enter into no feeling unconnected with himself, he can see nothing but himself and the fair creature he has chosen for his bride. Has heaven bestowed everlasting souls on men, and sent them upon earth for no better purpose than to marry and be given in marriage? Is the circle of man's aims and duties comprised in living in a country mansion, and doing the duties of hospitality to neighbours as full of conventionalities as themselves? to hunt, to fish, to preserve game, to legislate on turnpike roads, to send poor vagabonds to the stocks,—and after a life of sensual trivialities, to die, and lie under a painted monument? Is it the highest duty of which a woman is capable to see that her house is well swept, her dinners well ordered, her servants well trained, and her children kept beautifully dressed? and yet, is not this the sum of what the majority consider life was given them to accomplish? * * *

But "women gifted like Zoe often present instances of aberration from the standard of female rectitude. It is not that high talents are in their own nature inimical to the delicate and refined virtues, but they require, in proportion, a stronger and wiser guidance than they often get. The motives that influence the generality of women do not touch women of high powers; they do not feel the obligations of those small moralities, the fear of 'being singular,' of rendering themselves the subject of 'remark,' which wholesomely qualify the love of admiration and display in the generality of female breasts. They have more energy of character than is absorbed by the routine of duties women are generally called on to perform, and they have no channel in which their superfluous activity can be expended. Women seldom have their powers equalised and balanced by a thorough education, so it is not wonderful that one gifted with more strongly marked strength of character than the generality should have somewhat of the eccentric and irregular in her actions. Her strength resembles the undirected activity of a child—much promised, and nothing accomplished with it. Besides, women cannot, like men, correct their false and crude notions by intercourse with the actual world; from their natural position, they are prevented taking a broad view of things as they really exist. When a woman steps beyond her own domestic circle, into whatever scene she goes, she is the subject of a social fiction: she is treated as a visitor, not as an inhabitant; therefore what a woman calls a 'knowledge of the world' is only a fresh source of bewilderment, which, besides being in the highest degree undesirable, is confined to a coarse exaggeration of scenes, which undoubtedly do take place, but which lose their truth by being detached from the course of natural circumstances under which they occur. Women of the class we are describing have often a morbid curiosity for this kind of enlightenment; but it leads them no nearer to their object, viz. something to fill the void in their hearts and intellects. Who are the only class of women who know the world best, who see it and mix with it in all its hard and appalling realities? * * *

"Our most indifferent actions have the impress of individuality; we may convey an impression not to be effaced for years, by an unconsidered word, a gesture, nay, by our very silence; and we, all the time, unconscious of having done or said any thing at all: it is never by our deliberate actions that we persuade others to estimate us. * * *

"'Nothing but Frenchwomen,' as a friend of ours once said, 'can analyse their feelings at the time they are passing.'"

We cannot (as we have already said) meddle with the fire-escape love-business; and will therefore only add to these miscellaneous samples a personal sketch.

"John Paul Gregory Marston had prospered in the world since last we met with him. He had become rich by the death of various relatives, he had risen in the church, and contrived to make himself much more comfortable in it than ever he had expected. His talents for business, his love of bustle and excitement, his genius for managing his own intrigues and those of other people, had recommended him to the attention of the higher powers. Though English, he liked neither the country nor the customs; Italy was his delight. He had sufficient credit to get himself appointed one of the resident bishops in Rome; and he was often employed on secret missions and in vari-

ous confidential affairs. He was as great an *athé* as ever; but instead of ridiculing the church and her doctrines as formerly, he now spoke of sacred matters with the most scrupulous and decorous consideration; in fact, he felt it incumbent upon him to treat with respect a church which had behaved so exceedingly well towards him. He contrived to enjoy almost unrestrained license of conduct; so that the fierce and terribly sincere invectives which formerly used to break from him were not now needed as a relief to the unbearable constraint of his profession. He never disguised from himself that he was a hypocrite and a profligate, but he did not consider it necessary to take the whole world into his confidence. His self-complacency was not in the least ruffled by the consciousness that he was a hireling, body and soul; on the contrary, he felt a real satisfaction in forcing those who he knew saw into his real character, to treat with him as an honest man. He never attempted to put a varnish of integrity on his own conscience, for a villainous sort of sincerity lurked there in spite of all his sins; but he would tolerate nothing short of the most immaculate reputation from the world. There was a tacit conviction on the mind of every body who knew him, and nobody could say they were exactly imposed upon, yet no one spoke ill of him; his great ability was a safe common ground on which all his debatable qualities were merged. After all, when a man is endowed with real strength of character, when he is able and decided in all he undertakes, has an object and pursues it (no matter whether the object be good or bad), he is to be recognised as a man of character, and he is one who has the stuff of virtue in him, though it may be shewn in a perverse sort of fashion. Strength is the main element of virtue. The very wickedness of a steady-purposed, strong-minded man is worth more than the virtuous tendencies of a weak one, that never grow to be actions, but are mere feeble indications; they have no principle within them, and the merest accident may convert them into active vices. Weakness is the only state for which there is no hope, either for this world or the world to come."

Lethé, and other Poems. By Sophia Woodroffe; posthumously edited by G. S. Faber, B.D., Master of Sherburn Hospital, and Prebendary of Salisbury. 12mo, pp. 229. London, 1844. Seeley and Burnside.

We offer another gem to the bright coronet of female poetic genius, by which the present age is so much adorned. The youthful authoress of the poems is, alas, no more. She was taken too soon from the love and admiration of her friends, but not before she had had time to erect a monument of genius which bids fair to place her name by the side of Hemans and Landon.

Addison has observed, that the reader of any work of merit is usually anxious to learn all the particulars of the author's life. In a preface written by the editor, whose name alone must invite public attention and ensure a favourable reception to these beautiful productions, a slight sketch is given of the life of this young lady, who, though called away at the early age of twenty-two, had for some years been the literary correspondent of her grand-uncle, the Master of Sherburn. Thus prematurely removed, it follows of course that she wrote all the poems in what may be called extreme youth; one of them, indeed, which we shall notice more particularly hereafter, in absolute childhood.

Perhaps the most singular peculiarity of these

poems, viewed under the aspect of their early production, is their entire freedom from puerility. The common error of very youthful authors, whether male or female, is an ambitious attempt at what they deem fine writing; and this, as the case may be, is usually either mawkish or inflated. As years advance, the error is corrected; and the more matured constructor of either prose or verse will smile over effusions which were once secretly deemed of the first order. But nothing of this school-boyish or school-girlish error appears in the poems now before us; and we really think, that even a practised writer of forty would find it no easy matter either to improve a line, or to new-model a sentence for the better. Nor does this remark apply only to the principal poem *Lethé*, written at nineteen; it applies also even to the dramatic poem of *Irené*, composed at the extraordinary age of thirteen. Mere freedom from error of this description, however, though the remarkable peculiarity of so young a writer, is not alone sufficient to constitute a poet. Much more than this negative excellence is requisite; and that very "much more" is possessed by Miss Woodroffe. She strikes us as being a perfect mistress of rhythm; and her poetical conceptions are awful or tender, beautifully descriptive or fearfully sublime, precisely as her subject calls them forth.

Such are the general characteristics of these fine poems; but our limits call us to hasten to particulars.

The principal poem, no doubt, is *Lethé*, which extends to the length of 126 stanzas. The consort of a young Athenian, living in a beautiful retirement, beautifully described, is carried off by an ambuscade of Persians shortly before the battle of Marathon. In his affliction, he vainly tries, in the schools of the philosophers, all those sources of consolation which were open to the heathen world. The cup of *Lethé*, presented to him by a shadowy phantom, though it produces forgetfulness, leaves him otherwise so miserable that he begs to have his memory restored. The boon is granted; and, after various ramblings to various countries and places—Egypt, Italy, Babylon, Tyre, and Palmyra, which are severally described with all the vividness of true poetry—the hero, who relates his own story, at length enters Palestine. Here he becomes acquainted with a venerable Hebrew, who brings him to the knowledge of the true God, and thus conducts him to the only source of real comfort under the troubles and trials of this mortal life.

In a poem so highly finished, and of such uniform excellence, it is difficult to make a selection: as it bears, however, the name of *Lethé*, we will give as a specimen the drinking of the cup of oblivion.

"Give me, ye gracious gods, some gifts to bless
My troubled spirit with forgetfulness.
Efface the past, its agony of woe,
Its mingled horror and despair, its brief
And fleeting joy, which only made me know
More piercingly the bitterness of grief!
Let me again be as a simple child,
By what each moment brings with it beguiled."
"Twas thus I prayed, and long in vain. At length
My prayer was answered. 'Twas a stormy night;
The fierce winds shook the cedars in their strength,
And crush'd the forest-oaks; the forked light,
In lurid glances, through the tempest flash'd;
And o'er the sounding rocks the furious billows dashed.
I stood alone upon the mountain's brow,
My spirit in one thought absorbed; nor heard
Thunder, or foaming wave, or crashing bound.
And I stood thus entranced; until a word
Fell on my ear, and startled me. I turned,
And dimly, through the gloom, a formless shape discerned.
It spake: 'Thy prayer is granted. I have brought
A goblet filled with *Lethé* wine. Drink,

And thou shalt know the boon so wildly sought.
Yet pause, while still thou can'st; e'en pause, and think
At what a price thou hast it.—' Give,' I cried;
Fearful lest yet the gift should be denied.

I seized, and drank. A peal of thunder came
And shook the strong foundations of the hill;
From the dark sky one flash of livid flame
Shot o'er the surges of the torrent. Still
There was a sound, as if of wings that rushed,
Borne on the raging wind; and all was hushed.

That hour I felt like one who slowly wakes
From a long dream of terror and despair;
The while a consciousness upon him breaks
That it is but a dream; and to the air,
The genial air of morn, his lids unclose,
And quickly he forgets his visioned woes.

Yes; from that time the world was fresh and new,
The very faces of mankind were strange;
I looked upon them with a wondering view;
And knew not why they marvel'd at the change
Upon me wrought: for all my former lot,
Its joys and sorrows, were alike forgot.

My mind was as a smooth unruffled lake,
In turn reflecting all that passeth by;
Which doth its ever-varying colour take
From rocks, or woods, or mountains, or the sky;
Sullied by every cloud which o'er it floats;
Troubled by every wind which on it beats.

Lit by the sunbeams of each golden noon
To rapture and to glory, and at night
Tinged by the softer splendours of the moon
With a more tender and a lovelier light:
A mirror, where the present well is seen,
But not a trace discern'd of what hath been."

We confidently appeal to this exquisite passage as fully justifying our remark, that the characteristics of Miss Woodroffe's poetry are, a total freedom from puerility, a perfect command of rhythm, and a power of imagination (the true *poësis*), capable of grasping and illustrating any subject which the writer might select.

This long extract compels us to be brief, or we would willingly present to our readers two admirable translations from the Greek; one, of a chorus in the *Hecuba* of Euripides, written at the very early age of sixteen; the other, of the noble hymn of Ceanthes, which must have been executed not many years later. We regret that want of space precludes us from giving them both.

Passing over many lovely minor poems, we must hurry onward to the dramatic poem of *Irené*, which, as written at the childish age of thirteen, though not bearing upon it a vestige of childishness, the learned editor most justly observes, may well be viewed as "a literary curiosity;" though he declares, that, on that account alone, he should not have felt himself warranted in recommending its insertion. Here, again, our remark is verified: for (to adopt the language of Mr. Faber) the claims of the poem are of a higher order than that of a mere literary curiosity; great poetical merit, united with a command of language not a little extraordinary in so very young a person. The subject is taken from the history of *Irené*, empress of Constantinople in the eighth century; and it respects the barbarous blinding of her son Constantine, which, from the violence of its infliction, was not unreasonably thought to have been intentionally fatal; though, in historic matter of fact, he appears, as we learn from Gibbon, to have survived the deed. We give, as a specimen both of the young writer's power of versification, and of her adventurously successful management of a peculiarly difficult subject, the speech of *Irené*, in which the instinct of maternal love vainly contends with the promptings of a profligate ambition.

"Tis cannot quench
A mother's love. No! I have made my heart
Unfeminine and hard, deaf to the call
Of pity and conjugal love: but still, oh, still,
A latent spark of mother's love remains.
All other love is mockery and deceit:

It can be conquered; banished from the heart;
'Tis but the shadowy mirage of the desert;
Which seems the freshest water, and allures
The thirsty traveller; then flies anon,
And leaves him disappointed, wondering much
So fair a vision should so futile prove.
But a fond mother's love is (as a well
Seal'd and kept secret) a deep-hidden fount,
That flows when every other spring is dry."

An unprincipled ecclesiastic, zealous for the worship of images and dreading the iconoclastic inclinations of Constantine, in a sophistical and adulatory speech, then urges, as if it were a duty alike religious and patriotic, the death of the young prince. He speaks to ears already but too willing to receive his suggestions: and the empress exclaims:

"Oh! if he must die,
Let his soul gently pass. No more! no more!"

We cannot refrain from adding the finely conceived, though perfectly natural idea, that, after the death of Constantine, his mother, unable (as it were) to realise so horrid a circumstance, should for a moment, and only for a moment, persuade herself, that the deed could never have been accomplished, that the whole was but a fearful dream:

"Let me think again,
And be myself one more. Yea, did I slay
My Constantine: and did I lift my hand
Against mine only son? It could not be!
Yes, yes, I did: yon pale and shivering phantom,
The fever'd product of a brain disturbed,
And aye-accusing conscience, tell me yes!
But sent I not a messenger to recall
The fatal word? Yea; but he came too late."

In depth of fearful and agonised pathos, we scarcely recollect to have ever met with a more intensely powerful passage than these extraordinary lines penned by a child of thirteen! Unhappily, as in the present instance, precocity of intellect rarely ensures length of days. In her own beautiful language, we reverentially say:

"Lay her amid the flowers to rest,
The young and gentle dead;
And bid them softly o'er her breast
Their last faint odours shed.
She loved them while she yet lived here;
Then plant them by her grave,
For, drooping, colourless, and sere,
Their dry leaves seem to wave
Farewell!
How mournfully they wave!"

The Collegian's Guide; or, Recollections of College Days, setting forth the Advantages and Temptations of a University Education. By the Rev. ***** M.A., — College, Oxford. Pp. 371. London, Longmans.

SOMEWHAT of a humorist, the author of this volume is not the less a utilitarian. His advice is excellent, albeit seasoned with pleasantness; and he is evidently a complete master of his subject, though he has chosen to garnish it with elements of popularity which excite a smile or raise a laugh whilst we are imbibing the lessons of good common sense and experience to be found in every direction. In fact, the book is one of which we may truly say, it is Merry and Wise—a happy combination of the amusing and instructive. Many of its views and stories of college-life are as entertaining as they are self-evidently representations of facts; and whilst parents, guardians, and teachers, may refer to these pages with advantage to their sons, wards, and pupils; so may the latter learn much that is good for them to know, and which few could instil so effectually into the college-youth as the author of this agreeable and useful Guide.

Much as we approve of the publication, it is not one, however, into the illustration of which we need go at any length; for the most valuable portion of its contents are the details; and we can only give examples of its broader fea-

tures. Of these, the following are specimens. The opening consists of the colloquies of two clergymen with the squire of one of their parishes, who is about to send his son to a university, and applies to them for information, which they communicate freely. Here is the Rev. Mr. Corbett an interlocutor:

"You must know that whether a man shall throw away every opportunity which a university is so eminently calculated to afford, and come away with a mere testamur gained rather by the trickery of private coaching (tutoring) than by mental improvement, and deeply in debt besides; or whether he shall be an elegant scholar, with such a character and standing that the best society shall be interested in him, and ready to welcome him in almost every county in England,—all this depends on the set to which he is introduced, and the plans he forms during his very first term. Now you must not talk of a man's temptations to one course more than another, when both are alike untried and unknown; and for this reason I say,—to come back to where we started, old Abram and his sign-post,—if 'some one would set about what nearly all the parish might do if they would,' many a man might be saved from the first step, and consequently from the last, on the road to ruin. Remember, it is easy to pull up and put the drag on at the top of a hill; but when you begin to swing halfway down, the advice is too late, and you come to a regular smash at the bottom. Besides," he continued, "it is not only the men themselves who want advice, but their fathers, who are still less likely to shut their eyes to consequences." "I know a case in point." "And I can tell you a dozen at least." "I was going to mention Serle the banker. Because his son was at the head of a common academy of a dozen boys, he was persuaded by the master to send him to Balliol, as certain of a first class, and then a fellowship, and a speedy fortune, of course. The end was, he took no class at all; if he had, being born in Wilts, the chances were much against a fellowship. And now there's Master Serle lounging at home with no profession, fit for nothing, and good for nothing, after four years' idleness; for, finding he was not well enough grounded to have any chance of a class, he never opened a book, but spent money enough to break the firm, which the governor was forced to pay to keep off a run upon the bank, and maintain public credit. Do you know, nothing is more true than '*ignotum pro mirifico*;' that is to say, that men form a marvellously high estimate of what they know nothing about, and not least when their ignorance turns on Latin and Greek. The name of a scholar and a classic sounds so great in the ears of some men I meet at dinner-parties, that you may hear them say, 'Well, if I had only had such advantages in my day,'—'Only sorry I was so thoughtless at school, and didn't keep up my classics.' They would like even the reputation of a learned pig, it's my belief; but as to the respect in which the advantages of a university education are to be prized, and why it is to be had in Oxford and Cambridge, and how large a part of these advantages may really be had in Gower Street, and what part cannot and never will be,—on all these matters ninety-nine men out of a hundred are deplorably ignorant; and until by some popular work they are a little enlightened, of course they cannot start their sons in quest of an object which they themselves but very indistinctly see. Talk in society of a university education whenever you will, and you will find that the essence of the matter is overlooked, and little but the mere accidents are

uppermost in the thoughts of the majority. Again; while I was in Norfolk last year I was introduced to a clergyman about forty-five years of age, who, after being twenty years in the church, had, by much tedious canvassing, procured a living of two hundred pounds a year. He was a plain kind of man, without the least refinement, and evidently of low origin. On remarking this to my friend, he said, 'Yes, there is one of the many blunders men commit in settling their sons. This poor fellow is the son of a grocer, whose father had the same shop before him; and he told me the other day that his connexions were in trade, and his oldest friends were tradesmen; that this rendered it difficult for him either to obtain or enjoy the society to which a university education should entitle him; that from the time he left his father's house he had felt out of his element; his mind and habits, not having been formed for literature before he went to college, were in much the same state when he came away.' 'Now,' said he, 'my father, and my grandfather before him, made not much less than twenty thousand pounds before they had arrived at my years; and here am I almost starving because I was sent to college when I was only fit for trade.'"

It is on the ground of such blunders as these, and many others which are set down, that the present Guide proceeds to guide those whom it concerns, and in the able manner we have specified. The admission of a student may serve as a specimen:

"But at last (inquires the squire) to come to a plain practical question, have the goodness to tell me how I am to procure an admittance any where? Surely I cannot enter Frederic just when and where I please?" "A capital question," said Corbett, "and very like business; so a word about my first adventures in *alma mater*. As soon as my father and I were off the coach, at the door of the Angel, just opposite Queen's, we stood gazing at the royal figure over the gate, which, as old Dr. Wilson had enigmatically told us, was in his day by some unruly wags crowned empress of China. Of course we were soon surrounded by plenty of persons who offered to shew us the colleges. We took one as a guide, and walked along (the governor ever and anon eyeing a card, on which the old doctor had written the names of 'the high and low colleges' in separate columns) till we came to Christchurch. The dean was not to be seen, nor the subdean either; indeed, they would have no sinicure if they were to be unceremoniously visited by strangers like ourselves. At last, we were shewn up to one of the tutors, who seemed to us to be holding a regular levy. We waited a minute at his door for others to come out: I felt queer, and even the governor nervous; and while I was pulling up my collar, and smoothing down my coat, all of a sudden we found ourselves, as if by magic, in the room and out again, our errand and question answered, almost unheard, by anticipation; and we, by the agency of some 'repulsive attraction,' replaced on the landing-place just as we had been a few seconds before. The poor governor was almost breathless: the first words he spoke were, 'Well, I'm positive he did not even see the boy's face. I would have told him of his talents, but—but—'. In short, as I can well understand now, the tutor had heard scores of these sort of stories before, and had learnt despatch of public business.' 'And how did they serve you at the next place you went to?' 'Why, in effect the same; though the vice-president of University was not quite so sharp a practitioner

as the tutor of Christchurch. Here my father would have his say; so making a long face and a short story, he got out that his son was 'very steady,' and at once was told, 'Why, as to that, sir, they are all steady till they come here. We are full for three years, and the president will receive no more names.' At Oriel, Balliol, and Trinity—in fact, wherever we went, it seemed as if there was notice of our coming, and of what we wanted; and before we could get the words out, we heard the same reply in almost the same number of syllables as at first. 'All full for exactly three years!' said my father; 'that's so extraordinary!' In short, all seemed agreed in the same story (a story, indeed)—and we almost began to despair, and to think that, contrary to the benevolent impartiality of founders, and through inveterate abuses and nefarious monopoly, there was a regular conspiracy to render 'one inside' and 'one out,' besides coachmen, porters, and coffee-house expenses, a most unprofitable investment of cash, and to send us back the same as we came. At last old Dick of Exeter, who stood my friend so often afterwards, having been only just in office, and not having learnt, as I told him once in laughing over our adventures, the official economy of breath, let drop the word introduction. 'Oh! that explains all,' said the governor; 'but—quite shameful—mere trustees for the public—what business have they to pick and choose?' So off went a letter to the parson of our parish, who knew the president; and then our course was plain.' 'And is this the way they would have served me if I had gone up as I intended last week?' 'Perhaps sharper practice still; for Dick told me he had since learnt to sieve them.' 'Sieve them; what's that?' 'Why old Davy, his scout, had by long experience learnt to distinguish a stranger on a fool's errand, as he called it, by the first glance, and would say in a very confidential tone, as if he were going to be very obliging, 'Shall I just tell master what you wants, and may be you'll be admitted sooner?' Then the moment Davy had heard the old story, he would put his head into the room and say, 'Only another of 'em, sir,' and at the least nod disappear, and with much composure come back and say, 'I've seen my master, sir, and explained your message, sir, as you desired; and please, sir, master presents his compliments to you, sir, and says the college, if you please, sir, is full for three years, and he is very sorry he can't have no more names yet.' That's what Dick calls 'sieving them.' And in this way it is probable that, with many other men of high station both in the university and out of it, the applications of the needy, both personal and by letter, are very unceremoniously sieved by their clerks and secretaries. And letters which widow ladies, with large families, who, Sir Walter Scott says, are the most pertinaciously importunate persons in the world, write by dozens to East India directors, the Horse Guards, or the Admiralty, are answered in a way no less mechanical than they are written, by a usual form requiring no other alteration than that of sir or madam. I may add, as a useful hint, that, although with the best introduction, you must have your name down commonly from one to three years in the first colleges, in those which do not fill you may enter almost for asking. I have known instances of men who had contested a scholarship unsuccessfully, having rooms offered them immediately, because they passed a good examination. A resident fellow can often expedite matters for you. The general desire of the masters of every college is

to keep their college constantly filled with men of respectability and talent; and therefore they give the preference to those of their own connexion, unless in the case of one who is likely to do them unusual credit. Lastly, the halls at Oxford do not rank as high as the colleges. They are the resort of three classes of men: the first, respectable; the second, questionable; the third, objectionable. For they are filled, first, with men of maturer years, who do not like the restraints nor require the discipline of a college; secondly, with those who cannot get into a good college; and thirdly, with those who have been turned out. One was called 'Transportation Hall; another the 'Refuge for the Destitute; while a third had only seven members, who rejoiced (shame! shame!) in the name of the 'Seven Deadly Sins.'

[To be continued.]

Recollections of Military Service in 1813-1815.

By Thomas Morris, late Sergeant of the 73d Foot. Pp. 319. London, Madden and Co.

SERGEANT MORRIS appears to be a sort of military Cockney, amazingly self-sufficient, and, having seen one battle before Waterloo, fancying himself a mighty military genius and hero. He criticises most of the officers under whom he served, condemns the commanders of corps for their tactics, and especially the Duke of Wellington *sans cérémonie*, states his own opinion boldly, and grumbles at the hardships, the partialities, and the injustice, which disgrace and emasculate the British army. They manage these things far better in France, and hence the deep attachment of the troops to their renowned leader:

"If we seek (says the sergeant) a reason for such extraordinary attachment, we shall find it in that constant attention of Napoleon to the wants and wishes of his men; his identity with them in all their dangers; his prompt, profuse, but impartial distribution of rewards; his throwing open to the meanest soldier the road of promotion to the highest honours; so that every man had a strong incentive to good conduct. When officers were killed or disabled, the vacancies were filled up from among the men who had been serving, who could sympathise with their comrades in their dangers and privations; and while they had no difficulty in maintaining their authority, their conduct towards the men was kind and affectionate. No man, however elevated in rank or connexion, had any chance of promotion but by passing through the various grades, commencing with the lowest. But how different the practice in the British army! where, as soon as vacancies occur in a regiment, they are filled up frequently by mere boys, just from school; who, though they may have acquired some theoretical knowledge of the art of war, know nothing of its practice; and who, knowing nothing of the fatigues and hardships the men have undergone, have no kindly feeling towards them. When I joined the army, I was foolish enough to imagine, that by good steady conduct, or by some daring act of bravery, I should be fortunate enough to gain a commission; but I very soon discovered the fallacy of this expectation."

Could only reach a halbert!—consume it, how merit is overlooked and neglected amongst us! Only a sergeant, who ought to have been at least a brigadier-general! To be sure he was not very much engaged, his single battle being one fought on the advance of Bernadotte towards Leipsic as our ally to the immense operations which there overwhelmed the gallant force of France. But he was at Waterloo; and in honour to his medal won there

we will copy a few passages from his book; though we think he might have been content with his laurels, and left the bays (not the regiment) alone. They are mostly personal bits, such as a person in his rank might pick up or observe; and fair examples of his being up to all in the ring.

"Our light company was, for its number, the finest set of men I ever saw, being a mixture of English, Irish, and Scotch, commanded by a captain who had risen from the ranks. Report said, that he was indebted for his promotion to his beautiful black eyes and whiskers, which had attracted the notice of his colonel's lady, who had sufficient influence to obtain for him a commission as ensign. He was now captain; and though his whiskers were tinged with grey, his eyes possessed all their former fire and brilliancy. He was very eccentric in his ways; and his men scarcely knew how to please him. On one occasion, as we were going into action, one of the men excited his anger, and he ordered him to have an extra guard; and calling to his lieutenant, said, 'Reynolds, if I am killed, see that Gorman has an extra guard.—Sergeant Pennyton!' 'Sir.' 'If Reynolds and I are killed, see that Gorman has an extra guard.' 'Yes, sir.' 'None of your ready-made answers, sir; but mind you do it, sir!' 'Yes, sir.'"

Another anecdote of him relating to a Bible is too indecorous for us to print. Of his grand fight (to which he laments that history has not done justice), and to which he is ever and ever recurring, he states:

"The French were now defeated at all points, and the result was about 800 French killed, 1200 wounded, and 1500 prisoners; our loss in killed and wounded was about 800. This battle is very slightly mentioned in history, and no notice whatever has been taken of our presence. If it had been a battalion of the guards so engaged, the circumstance would have found a prominent place in history; but as it was only a paltry regiment of the line, of course it was not worth recording, as there was nothing in the shape of patronage to be secured by it. I have stated that the French general was taken prisoner; and there was a circumstance connected with his capture worth recording. Finding his efforts to rally his men ineffectual, being wounded, he endeavoured to make good his own retreat, but was closely pursued by one of the 2d German hussars. The general, in order to check him in the pursuit, threw on the ground a well-filled purse. The hussar noticed the spot where the purse fell, but continued the pursuit, when the general surrendered, and on retracing their steps the German dismounted, took up the purse and gave it to the general; who, when he met our general, reported the brave and disinterested conduct of the man. General Gibbs, who arrived in the field during the action, was so struck with the conduct of the hussar, that he attached him to his own person as an orderly; and when that general was killed afterwards at New Orleans in America, the man was found dead by his side."

The danger of taking a peep at an improper time is verified by the following:

"As soon as daylight appeared, the firing from the town forced us again to lie down. One of the officers, who was looking through the breastwork watching the enemy's batteries, suddenly drew himself down, observing, that a gun was just fired, the shot from which would come very close to us; the observation caused a young man, reclining next the officer, to raise himself up to look, and immediately his head was taken off."

The sergeant is as knowing in politics as in warfare; for he assures us, "that from the moment of Buonaparte's arrival at Elba, neither the allied sovereigns nor the Bourbons took any steps to fulfil the articles of the treaty of Fontainebleau. Shorn of his power, Buonaparte was considered as politically defunct. The allowance guaranteed to him was never paid; and to such pecuniary distress was he reduced, that he was compelled to sell his cannon and his stores for his support."

Here is news at the end of thirty years!—Sergeants, even not sergeants-at-law, are special fellows. And then England lent all the powers of Europe prodigious sums of money; so that this short affair (the return from Elba) was rather "an expensive one to England, as she was too magnanimous to require from the foreign powers the repayment of the loans which they from time to time received from this country. Austria, indeed, some years afterwards, declaring itself insolvent, offered the British ministry three millions, in lieu of the thirty millions which they had at different times borrowed of us, and my Lord Castlereagh (considering the loss of a few millions no object to England) generously accepted the composition."

We have mentioned Sergeant Morris's ideas respecting Field-marshal Wellington; and ought in justice to two such mighty military authorities, at direct issue on very important points, to quote what the Halbert alleges against the Baton:

"Though (quoth Halbert) it is considered a sort of treason to speak against the duke, yet I cannot help making a few observations upon the extraordinary fact, that we had neither artillery nor cavalry in the field [Waterloo]; there was a brigade of German artillery, and some few Brunswick horse. The reason given for the absence of our own cavalry and artillery was, that they were quartered at too great a distance to be brought up in time. But should it have been so? In cantonments, each division should have a portion of cavalry and artillery with them, so that they might, upon a small scale, be complete of themselves; and this arrangement would not at all prevent or impede the concentration of the whole. Fortunately for the duke, the result was successful; had it been otherwise, he would have been deeply censured."

We do not see how he can escape now! And the memory of the famous life-guardsmen is blighted of its romance by the sergeant; who seems never to have entertained any predilection for the household troops, nor for the aristocratic in any shape or influence in the service:

"By twelve o'clock the artillery on both sides were busily engaged. Some commissariat waggons came into the field with a supply of salt provisions and spirits, and two men from each company were sent for them. I was one of these. It was some time before I got our allowance of hollands; and we had scarcely received it, when a cannon-shot went through the cask, and man too. While waiting here, Shaw, the fighting man, of the life-guards, was pointed out to me; and we little thought then that he was about to acquire such celebrity. He drank a considerable portion of the raw spirit, and under the influence of that, probably, he soon afterwards left his regiment, and running 'a-muck' at the enemy, was cut down by them as a madman. I admire, as much as any man can do, individual acts of bravery; but Shaw certainly falls very far short of my definition of the term hero. The path of duty is the path of safety; and it is quite likely that Shaw, if he

had remained with his regiment, might have exercised his skill, courage, and stamina, quite as effectively against the foe, without the certainty of losing his own life; and to rush, in such a way, on to certain death, was, in my opinion, as much an act of suicide, as if he had plunged with his horse from the cliffs of Dover. In 'union there is strength'; but if every man were to follow Shaw's example—quit his regiment and seek distinction for himself—there would be an end to all discipline, and consequently to all chance of success."

The sergeant, on the contrary, conducted himself with the utmost propriety; and so was saved from damaging distinction. But we must finish with some of his particulars of the immortal 18th of June.

"It was a fair fight, and the French were fairly beaten and driven off. I noticed one of the guards, who was attacked by two cuirassiers at the same time; he bravely maintained the unequal conflict for a minute or two, when he disposed of one of them by a deadly thrust in the throat. His combat with the other one lasted about five minutes, when the guardsman struck his opponent a slashing back-handed stroke, and sent his helmet some distance, with the head inside it. The horse galloped away with the headless rider, sitting erect in the saddle, the blood spouting out of the arteries like so many fountains. Hitherto we had acted only against cavalry, but now Napoleon was leading up his infantry in masses; and as our brigade was literally cut to pieces, the remnant was formed into line four-deep [a wonderful feat]. But the French infantry, that were now advancing, were so overwhelming in numbers, that we were forced to retire; while doing so, General Halket received a musket-ball through his cheek, and falling from his horse, was taken to the rear. The fire from the French infantry was so tremendous, that our brigade divided, and sought shelter behind some banks."

The following is not in the official despatches published in the *London Gazette*, therefore we admit it to the *Literary*:

"Our sergeant-major was a brave soldier, and had been through the whole of the engagements in the Peninsula, with the 43d regiment. During the day, when our men were falling so very fast, he turned deadly pale, and said to the colonel, 'We had nothing like this in Spain, sir.' The worst fault he had, was an inveterate habit of swearing, which he could not avoid, even under these awful circumstances. Noticing one of the men named Dent stooping every now and then, as the shots came whizzing by, he said, 'D—n you, sir, what do you stoop for? You should not stoop if your head was off!' He had scarcely spoken the word, when a musket-ball struck him full on the nose, killing him on the spot. Dent immediately turned round, and said, 'D—n you, sir; what do you lie there for? You should not lie down if your head was off!' When we were ordered to retire from the French infantry, a young man belonging to us, named Steel, a lad of rare courage, was in the act of firing, when a cannon shot, in rolling along the ground, took his foot off at the ankle. He did not fall, but advancing a step on his shattered stump, 'D—n you, I'll serve you out for that!' and fired his piece among the enemy."

But *jam satis*.

LORD MALMESEURY'S DIARIES, ETC.

[Fourth notice: conclusion.]

We will here select a few brief anecdotes &c.,

to vary our political relations, however interesting.

Algeria in 1803.—"Lord Pelham said it was, or rather had been, in contemplation, to send Sir S. Smith to the Barbareque powers and Egypt; that Addington had gone so far as to desire Sir Sidney to hold himself in readiness, and to ride at single anchor. Lord Pelham approved it; thinks we should do well to pay great attention to these powers, and that it would please the Porte, who looks on them still as its vassals. He quoted as an instance the Turkish chargé des affaires at Paris having very lately applied to Lord Whitworth for support and advice, as minister of an ally to the Porte, on some intention expressed by Buonaparte to attack the Dey of Algiers, and added, the Porte is determined to support its vassal. It would be perhaps right to make all our consuls and agents on the Barbary coast dependant on our embassy at Constantinople. It is to that side we ought to turn all our attention, as Buonaparte's great object is Egypt, Eastern dominion, and the destroying our empire in India."

May we not add:

Tempora mutantur de—fabula narratur?

Foreign embassies.—"He (Mr. Pitt) said the continent must be watched. I said, 'certainly'; but that he must not suppose, that by watching, a very easy or passive task was imposed upon us; it required even more dexterity, more management, to watch well, and appear inactive, than to move on a negotiation open and avowed; that the most explicit and literal instructions should be sent to such ministers as required them, and that to the very few abroad in whom full confidence could be placed, the ends must be clearly defined, and the means left to them; that laboured and long despatches, intended only to justify the secretary of state who wrote them, in case of impeachment, were the bane of all foreign missions; they perplexed and frightened the new and uninformed minister, while they hampered and disgusted the more experienced one; that such would be peculiarly bad when our system was watching, which, I repeated again and again, was one that required more abilities, more temper, more experience, and more patience, than the most intricate negotiation."

Lady Hamilton.—"Despard and his associate traitors hanged at half-past eight; hardened villains; Despard manifested neither fear, religion, nor remorse; died haranguing the mob, with a lie in his mouth, but it produced no effect. Lady Hamilton, whom Lady Malmesbury met in the evening of this day at Lady Abercorn's, after singing, &c. said she had gone to see poor Mrs. Despard in the morning—she did not know her, but she went to comfort her, and that she found her much better since the body had been brought back to her. This is the consequence of Lord Nelson having spoken to his character. Lady Hamilton was a woman . . . whom Sir William Hamilton fell in with here when he began to doat, and married when his dotage was confirmed; she is clever and artful, but a sad . . ."

The Prince and Princess of Wales (March, 1803).—"Lord Bathurst at dinner; long talk about prince of Wales's debts and the measures now going to be adopted; censures it; weak and useless; hurtful to the prince. The chancellor, Lord Eldon, had mentioned to the prince the princess of Wales, and the hopes her dignity and comfort would be attended to. The prince's reply was, 'He was not the sort of person who let his hair grow under his wig to please his

wife.' On which the chancellor respectfully but firmly said, 'Your royal highness condescends to become personal—I beg leave to withdraw;' and accordingly bowed very low and retired. The prince, alarmed at this, could find no other way of extricating himself than by causing a note to be written the next day to Lord Eldon, to say that the phrase he made use of was nothing personal, but simply a proverb,—a proverbial way of saying a man was governed by his wife. Very absurd of Lord Eldon; but explained by his having literally done what the prince said."

Anecdote of the king's illness.—"In the first illness, when Willis, who was a clergyman, entered the room, the king asked him, if he, who was a clergyman, was not ashamed of himself for exercising such a profession. 'Sir,' said Willis, 'our Saviour himself went about healing the sick.' 'Yes,' answered the king, 'but he had not 700*l.* a-year for it.'"

The Princess Charlotte and the royal family (Dec. 1804).—"Mrs. Harcourt at Park-Place—full of anxiety about the issue of the sort of contest prevailing between the king and prince, relative to Princess Charlotte. The king wants her established at Windsor, and educated as a queen, that is to be. The prince, from opposition feelings and advisers, demurs; Mrs. Harcourt insists that the king is so bent on it, that if it does not take place, it will make him ill. That two factions pulled the prince different ways—Ladies Moira, Hutchinson, and Mrs. Fitzherbert were for his ceding the child to the king—the Duke of Clarence and Devonshire House most violent against it, and the prince ever inclines to the faction he saw last. In the Devonshire House cabal, Lady Melbourne and Mrs. Fox act conspicuous parts; so that the alternative for our future queen seems to be whether Mrs. Fox or Mrs. Fitzherbert shall have the ascendancy. Mrs. Harcourt said the prince came down to the king on the 20th November, and they met for the first time for nearly a year; that, for one day, it went off very well, but that it did not last. The king sent his plan for the princess, in writing, to the prince, by the chancellor, on or about the 28th. It was not only a very judicious and wise one, but drawn up most admirably, and full of fine and affectionate feelings. Yet to this the prince made such an answer (also in writing), that the chancellor could not present it to the king; and, on the 2d December, he and Mr. Pitt (who feared the consequences either of producing this answer, or of the delay of any answer) went down to Windsor, and, in order to avoid affecting the king, said the prince had misconceived part of his majesty's letter, and that, before he could answer it at all, they must set him right on these points. In the mean while, they have sent for Lord Moira, and they depend on what he may do. The sons behave tolerably, the princesses most perfectly. The queen will never receive the king without one of the princesses being present; never says, in reply, a word; piques herself on this discreet silence; and, when in London, locks the door of her white room (her boudoir) against him. The behaviour of the queen alarms me more than all the others of Mrs. Harcourt's stories; for, if the queen did not think the king likely to relapse, she would not alter in her manners towards him; and her having altered her manners, proves that she thinks he may relapse."

Austria in 1808 (January).—"I omitted to mention in its right date the declaration of war of Austria and Prussia, as all the papers that passed on these strange proceedings were laid

before parliament, and are now published. Prince Staremberg's behaviour was most prevaricating and offensive. A flag of truce arrives on the 16th at Deal, with despatches for Prince Staremberg: he at first says they are nothing but private papers relative to his family concerns, but on Thursday, the 19th, informs Canning that he has received positive orders from his court to declare, that the inconveniences which result to the continental powers from the continuation of the struggle between France and England are so great, that Austria can no longer see with indifference its duration, and that they hope some place will be fixed on the continent to conclude a maritime peace. No offer of mediation accompanied this; and though no direct threat was made, yet it was evidently to be implied that if England declined this offer, Austria would join France. Prince Staremberg did not conceal that it was the act of Buonaparte, to which he was compelled to subscribe. Canning desired him to give what he said in writing, which he did: 'Qu'il avait des ordres positifs de sa cour de déclarer que la lutte entre l'Angleterre et la France était si préjudiciable aux intérêts des puissances de l'Europe, que sa cour se croyait obligé d'appuyer sur la nécessité d'une paix maritime, &c. Canning, in his reply to this request, desired Staremberg to explain whether this official document contained all he had to say; and that before he could give him a precise answer, he begged Prince Staremberg to be more explicit, and particularly to state how much threat was meant, and how much was to be considered only as friendly advice. On its being sent to the king, his majesty wrote for answer, that he heard with surprise the communication that the emperor of Austria had made; that it was as insulting to England, as disgraceful to Austria; that it was the more servile and more extraordinary act of submission to Buonaparte, since Austria could do us no harm: he did not doubt but that the blood of every Englishman would boil when it became known. Canning and the Duke of Portland agree quite with the king; so probably will the whole cabinet. Staremberg is by far the most insincere minister ever employed. He is trusted neither by his own court nor the court where he resides; yet his high rank and his manoeuvring keep him afloat; he never will be put aside. A . . . , contrary to the assurances Canning had given A'Court, remained on at Vienna after Lord Pembroke's departure, till war was declared. Canning then appointed him ambassador to Turkey, though he could not but know he was attached to the opposition, and communicated with them; and though not without abilities, such a dupe of women, that no secret was safe with him. This Fox, his intimate friend and patron, knew so well, that, when he named him for Vienna, he stipulated that Mrs. A . . . (a French woman) should not go with him, and that if ever she followed him, his mission should terminate. Yet she did go after Fox's death, and Canning suffered A . . . to remain at Vienna, and employed him elsewhere. He also left Erskine in America, and Forster (Lady Elizabeth's son) at Stockholm."

Mary Ann Clarke's affair.—"On this occasion a person of the name of Wardle (till then unknown), Lord Folkestone, instigated by Cobbett, and Maddocks, governed by a strumpet, were the Rodrigues; the lags kept in the background; Whitbread alone had not sufficient temper to conceal himself. But I cannot but consider the origin of this mischief to be in the candour, as it is called, of ministers even to allow it to be the subject-matter of parliamentary discussion. This and other equally

mischievous subjects occupied the whole session, by far the worst attended and the most insignificant I ever remember."

With these selections of a curious personal nature we conclude; for the accounts of the ministry, known by the name of "all the talents," do not require our notice; and we will only extract the short paragraph which relates the death of its main pillar:

"On the 13th September, 1806, after having been several times tapped for a dropsy, Fox died at Chiswick House. His death seemed from the time he took office to be a near event, and the assiduity and diligence with which he attended both his official and parliamentary duties, for he did so till even the last days of his existence, hastened the event. No country within the short space of six months ever lost two such able statesmen as Pitt and Fox, or ever at a more important moment. A loss less felt at the instant than it will be some time hence. They left no equal in their line, and after such superiority the nation will not be contented with moderate abilities. Fox lived long enough to be regretted by all, as he certainly acted his part most ably and honourably from the time he took office. Lord Thurlow died on the 12th, also an able man, but from temper and character never a useful friend to the government he served with."

There is a clever paper at the close—hints to young ministers to foreign countries—which it will be well for our training statesmen and attachés to ponder over. With regard to the editor's share in these volumes we cannot speak very highly—it might have been more fully and better done. Asterisks, where they either betray the persons meant, so flimsy is the veil, or where they obscure the sense from general readers, seem to us to be quite uncalled for; and instead of references to other publications (such as the *Memoirs of Lord Eldon*, p. 296), a little trouble would have supplied the information wanted on the page itself.

But these are the slightest possible blemishes; and the work itself stands forth as one of the most entertaining and valuable of its kind which enriches our national literature.

A Practical Treatise on Congestion and Inactivity of the Liver; shewing some of the Effects produced by these Disorders on the most important Organs of the Body. By F. J. Mosgrove, Surgeon. 12mo, pp. 190. London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE attention of the public and of the profession cannot be too frequently or imperiously called to the variety of disorders which often have their origin in inactivity or congestion of the liver. Mr. Mosgrove considers them in relation to the chief structures, the brain, heart, lungs, stomach, &c.; omitting, however, what most medical men have met with in their experience—the formidable and prolonged chlorosis, which is so often in young females connected with inactivity of the liver. The work is not, strictly speaking, a professional one, being intended for general readers. It is, therefore, in our humble opinion, beneath the severe sincerity of a scientific notice; and at the same time above, or at least not well adapted for, a popular one. The statement made, p. 19, that "the brain is that mysterious organ by which is secreted the nervous power on which the performance of the functions of both mind and body depend," appears more mysterious than the organ itself.

Narratives of a Parent: or, Birth-day Tales. By Mrs. Everest. Pp. 242. Smith, Elder, and Co. An advertisement at the end of this volume

takes it out of the pale of criticism. It is a serious, pious, and well-meant production.

Chillon; or, Protestants of the Sixteenth Century. An Historical Tale. By Jane Louisa Wiliams. 2 vols. Hatchard and Son.

"AVALING herself of the same attractive medium (*i. e.* fiction, enlisted as a powerful ally, and with powerful and Christian authors throwing her light veil over startling and heart-rending realities!), and with the same object in view, the author ventures to produce this little narrative.

"The offering is laid on the altar of HIM who regards not the magnitude of the gift, but its motive.

"May He accept and sanctify it!"

We must say, that this sort of preface to a Novel, however well intended, revolts us extremely. The feeling is as of profanity; and not even the adventures of the famous Genevieve, Bonnevard, can reconcile us to misuse of sacred language, fit only for holy prayer and supplication. The practice of writing works of fiction for religious purposes is surely carried to the last extreme of impropriety, when they are introduced as if they were sacraments.

Ridley Seldon; or, the Way to keep Lent: a Tale for the Times. By A. Howard, author of "Mary Spencer." Pp. 240. Dalton.

A TALE upon apostasy, Puseyism, the Romish church, and other the most polemical and obnoxious questions which distract our times. We have said that we never can approve of fictitious narratives in such matters. They are bad in kind, unfit vehicles for such arguments, and all more or less bigoted and offensive.

Egypt and Mehemet Ali. By Prince Puckler-Muskau. Vol. I. Colburn.

MR. COLBURN is producing the prince's three volumes, translated, in two. We have always considered the author a flighty and rhodomontading fellow, to whom we could not look for either solid or very credible information. But his lively manner is entertaining, and we shall return to this work; only noticing that in his preface he makes a most unjustifiable attack upon himself, accusing Prince P. M. of modesty!!! We need not point out how unwarrantable this is; for he goes on to shew that he is the only impartial, independent, and sufficiently intelligent writer who has ever written or published on the subjects of which he treats.

Punch's Complete Letter-Writer. By Douglas Jerrold; illustrated by K. Meadows. Pp. 146.

It is seldom that contributions to periodicals answer equally well when collected together. They seem generally to have served their turn when they have sparkled or amused in the transient page where they are born; and to be unable to bear a prolonged existence under a more durable form. But in the present instance the Complete Letter-Writer is improved by juxtaposition, and is the more complete for being legible in uninterrupted succession. When he will let sportive satire guide his pen, and take every-day life for his subject, there are few authors of this class equal to Mr. Jerrold; and the cuts of his associate are as clever as his best satire.

The Edinburgh Tales. Conducted by Mrs. Johnstone, author of "Clan Albyn," &c. Part I. Edinburgh, W. Tait; London, Chapman and Hall.

MRS. JOHNSTONE has already most justly established for herself a name of worthy import in our literature, made instructive through the medium of fiction. Her characters are strictly drawn from life, and every act in which they

are involved is at once simply natural and tending to impress a useful lesson of worldly wisdom and judicious conduct. Strong good sense is her prominent quality; and a very clever method of applying its considerations to the circumstances in which people are placed in society, her distinguished talent. In the Part I. of the new design before us we have a very original personage introduced, under the name of Richard Taylor, whose "experiences" connect the reader with two excellent stories and the beginning of a third, which, whether we regard for the mode of telling, or the moral, we very conscientiously recommend to the public. They are genuine, amusing, and full of right principle and sensible advice.

The Eccentric Lover: a Novel. By Bayle St. John. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

THE name of the writer would recommend his production to notice, and it is deserving of it from the promising talent it displays. We fear, however, that it may be deemed a little premature, and unripe for the execution of so complete a work as a thoroughly well-constructed novel on a well-chosen subject. The popular class of Parisian novels have instigated the young author to an attempt, in which Narcisse Leroux, a spouting *gamin*, is the hero; and the rest of the characters belong to the inferior orders of society. In these it would be difficult to get an English public to take much interest; and we shall therefore content ourselves with saying, that the *Eccentric Lover* often violates probability, and is occasionally amusing.

Controversy about the Varronianus between T. Hewitt Key, M.A., and the Rev. J. W. Donaldson. B.D. Printed for private circulation. Circ. 120 pages.

THIS series of pamphlets might have ranged under the head of Unpublished Literature in our last No.; but we were somewhat repelled from it by our disinclination for controversy. Mr. Key, it is extensively known, accused Mr. Donaldson of plagiarism and other demerits in his *Varronianus*; against which (admitting some of the charges) Mr. D. has recriminated, and in turn assailed Mr. K. in unmeasured language. As the quarrel is a pretty quarrel, and we can have no hope of making it up, we shall simply observe, that Mr. Key has the best of it as to temper, which is a strong presumption that he has also the best of it (as we think he has) as to fact and argument.

The Conduct of Life: a Series of Essays. By G. Long, Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 239. Murray. THE results of much experience and observation, Mr. Long has, in this volume, discussed many important subjects connected with family, social, public, and religious life. Without any thing of startling or potent originality to arrest attention, there is much of plain sense and good advice in these pages.

Present State and Prospects of the Port Philip District of New South Wales. By C. Griffiths, A.M. Pp. 202. Dublin, Curry; London, Longmans.

ABOUT the latest book-intelligence from this part of the world, in which the writer objects to the existing system, and contends for a different line of conduct towards the natives. The statistical and general information is of interest to parties concerned in emigration to New South Wales, or having property in that colony.

The Beauties of Jeremy Taylor, D.D. By D. S. Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 280. T. C. Newby.

ANY portion of the beauties of this beautiful

writer must be welcome to all who admire the highest eloquence in prose, and illustrations proceeding from a mind brightly lighted up by genius. It is too late to offer a eulogy upon Jeremy Taylor, of whose works it is hardly possible to peruse a page without reaping both pleasure and profit.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Jan. 24th.—Mr. Brande "On the business of the Mint." Agreeing with Mr. Brande in the conviction, that although every one knows where, and in a general way how, coin is made, few are aware of the extreme nicety and perfection demanded in the mechanical and chemical details of the manufacture, or of the checks and tests by which its standard weight and purity are insured, in order that the honour of the country and the honesty of the Mint may be maintained in unimpeachable integrity, we are induced to give at some length the facts communicated to a numerous audience. The chief supplies of ingots of gold come from Hamburg and Paris, the produce of the mines of South America and Russia; and of unmelted gold from Africa, whence the gold-dust imported between 1832 and 1841 amounted in value to 334,000*l.* The chief supply of ingots to the Mint is from the Bank, melted by their own melter, and assayed, so that they are delivered of known quality. These ingots weigh about 15*lbs.* for gold, and 60*lbs.* for silver; and the value, if standard, of the former is about 700*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, and of the latter about 198*l.* The bullion is delivered and weighed in at the Mint by the weigher and teller, in the presence of the Bank-officers, and of the controller and Queen's clerk of the Mint, and is consigned to the care of these officers, and of the deputy-master. The several ingots are then passed to the master of the Mint's assay-master, who reports upon the quality or composition of each ingot, and from his report the "pot-book," as it is called, is made up; that is, the fine and coarse ingots are so mixed and apportioned that the whole may, if possible, be brought to standard, or, if necessary, that pure gold may be added should they prove below, or copper should they turn out above standard. The term "standard" applies to gold which contains 11 parts in 12 of pure gold. The remaining 12th is called alloy, and may consist of any metal (of course, of inferior value to gold) which does not materially affect the colour, malleability, and ductility of the noble metal. This 12th, however, may be silver, or a mixture of silver and copper; and this was generally the case, until of late, in consequence of the improved manufacture of sulphuric acid, and of Wollaston's inestimable gift to science, the extended use of platinum, silver may be extracted with profit. Equal parts of silver and copper form the best alloy for coinage; but the absolute purity of the copper is essential, as the presence of 1/10th of lead renders the whole brittle. Standard gold is harder, coins better, sustains wear better, and is more fusible, than pure gold, which is so soft as to bend, and would clog the dies. Easy, however, as it may be in theory, it is very difficult to get a bar of standard gold perfectly uniform in composition throughout; for unless the mixture is well stirred whilst in fusion, and even almost whilst pouring, more of the lighter metal will be in the upper than in the lower part of the pot, and therefore the bar unequal. In the case of silver, the same general proceedings are adopted; but in England the silver standard differs from that of gold,

the silver being an alloy of which 1*lb.* troy contains 11 oz. 2 dwts. pure silver + 18 dwts. copper, or 11 2/3ths and 1/8ths; and this pound is coined into 66 shillings, the current value of 60 *lbs.* being 198*l.* The French standard, both for gold and silver, is 9 and 1. Now, bearing in mind the high relative value of gold and silver, it is obvious how essential it is to maintain the strictest possible adherence to the fineness of the coin; and this is attained and guaranteed by many cautions and checks. Mr. Brande limited himself to an account of the gold coinage, as involving in its general outline the history of silver and copper coinages, but requiring the extreme accuracy and nicety in its details. It is our standard of value; and neither brassage nor signiorage—that is, no charge for labour and expense of coinage—being here taken upon it, any individual bringing gold to the Mint (though subjected to a charge for assaying, and to the loss of interest upon it whilst it is in the process of manufacture) receives in return the full value of coin, but more valuable than bullion, inasmuch as it now bears a stamp which is security for its fineness and quality over the whole civilised world.

The standard ingots are handed over to the melter to melt and cast into standard bars. He now becomes the responsible holder of the bullion, which is locked up in his stronghold, under his own key and that of the surveyor of the meltings—an officer who is always present at the meltings, and whose especial duty it is to see that the directions in the "pot-book" are strictly complied with, and to weigh out either the alloy or the fine gold, in accordance with those directions; and it is his further business, when the metal is cast into bars, to take assay-pieces from each bar for examination by a distinct officer, namely, the Queen's assay-master. In our Mint the melter is bound to follow the directions of other officers in regard to the addition of alloy, and nothing is allowed to be added at his own discretion; but in foreign mints the melter is permitted to adjust the pots on his own responsibility. The gold is melted in what are called black-lead pots, each placed in a separate wind-furnace, and holding about 100*lbs.* weight of gold, which is cast into bars. When examined by the Queen's assayer, under his written authority the bars are given over to the Company of Moneyers for coinage, passing through the chief office of receipt and delivery, where they are weighed by the weigher and teller, in presence of one of the check-officers, one of the moneyers, and the melter. The moneyer gives a receipt to the melter for the gold so delivered, which is placed to the credit of the melter in the office-books. The transit of the gold from one department to the other is on trucks and by railway. (The moneyers, under whose superintendence and direction the money is manufactured, and ultimately delivered by them, weight for weight, to the Mint-office, are an extremely ancient company. They are traced back as early as Ethelbert, first king of Kent, in 561.) The bars undergo several rolling operations, the last of which brings the ribbon of gold nearly to its required thickness; a piece cut out being a little in excess of weight. And now comes the nice and difficult part of the operation, which is, so to adjust the thickness of the fillet or ribbon that rows of sovereigns, punched or cut out of it (two in breadth throughout its length), may be of the exact required weight, or very little in excess. This is done by a machine, called "the draw-bench," invented by the late Sir John Barton, and made by Messrs. Maudslay. (Mr. Brande here described the

machinery and principle of this engine.) The ribbons being thus adjusted, are transferred to the machines for cutting them into blank pieces. The blank-cutting machine has twelve cutters arranged in a circle; each cutter is lifted by a lever-cog attached to a large vertical fly-wheel, and its descent is effected by an arrangement of pistons in air-tight cylinders, so that the pressure of the air is the force employed. The cutters are most delicately adjusted. The perforated plates, after the cutting out of the blanks, are called scissels, and go back to the melter, made up into bundles of 15lbs. each, to be remelted into bars. The proportion of blanks to scissels is $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 5. The blanks are next weighed individually, and reduced, if in excess of standard, but if too light, rejected and passed back, under the name of brokage, to the melter. Here, in the sizing-room, too, each piece is sounded or chinked upon an anvil, to detect all cracked, fissured, or, as they are called, dumb pieces. The standard weight of a sovereign is 5 dwts. $3\frac{1}{2}$ grains. The current weight, or that at which they may legally circulate, is 5 dwts. $2\frac{1}{2}$ grains, $\frac{1}{2}$ of a grain being allowed for wear; so that the extreme difference between a standard and a current sovereign may be $=1\frac{1}{2}$ dwts., a grain of standard gold being about 2d.; upon 8 sovereigns, therefore, $=1s.$; upon 800, 5*l.*; upon a million, upwards of 625*0*l.**; but the issue from the Mint is always at standard. The blanks adjusted and sized are marked—that is, they are flattened, and somewhat pinched up upon the edges, an operation performed by a machine which turns out 240 pieces per minute; and having become hard in the working, are annealed and blanchied. They are now ready for the final operation of stamping, for which there are in the Mint eight presses, each coining from 30 to 40,000 pieces per day. In these presses one blow must complete the coin, so that the skill of the engraver is shewn by the art with which he makes a low relief, susceptible of being perfectly brought up by one blow of the coining press, tell and produce a good effect; by which he avoids prominences and asperities, that would tend to the wear and debasement of the coin. Nothing can be worse than high relief in coin; it accelerates its degradation by wear, and can never be perfectly brought up. The engraver is therefore tied down by the powers of the presses, and is very often blamed for what is his great merit. There is no difficulty by a succession of blows and repeated annealings in bringing up a very high relief, or in producing an impression of a deep-cut die; but when one blow of a certain power, and repeated 60 or 70 times a minute, is required at each time to produce a perfect coin, then is the talent and skill of the engraver equally or more severely taxed. The person responsible for the proper use of the presses is the surveyor of the money-presses, who is always present whilst they are in operation—he overlooks the pieces, watches the dies, picks out faulty pieces, or brokage, &c. The moneys being now finished are weighed up in journey weights, as they are called, 15 lb. of gold = 700*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* In this state the moneyers return the coin to the Mint-office; but before it is finally delivered to the importers, and through them to the public, it is subjected to a series of examinations as to weight and fineness, or, as is said at the Mint, it is pixed. The officers required to be present at the pix are, one of the senior moneyers, the weigher and teller, the Queen's assay-master, the controller, the Queen's clerk, and two of the clerks of the Mint-office. Besides weighing the coins for

this piking, two pieces out of each journey are retained by the controller, one of which is handed over to the Queen's assay-master, to be assayed, and the other is placed in the "pix-box," where it remains until the great trial of the pix by jury, before the Queen or such of her council as may be appointed for that purpose. The trial of the pix in this kingdom is a ceremony of high antiquity, and was in common usage in the reign of Edward I. In the 9th of Edward I. the king, by his writ, commanded the barons of the exchequer to take with them the master of the Mint, and straightway to open the boxes of the assay and to make the trial in such manner as the king's council were wont to do, and to take account thereof, so that they might be able to certify the king touching the same. The trial of pix as at present constituted takes place at irregular intervals, depending partly on the amount of moneys accumulated in the pix-box. The court of the pix is now presided over by the Lord Chancellor, and is composed of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and such members of the privy council as are specially summoned for the purpose. A precept is also directed by the Lord Chancellor to the wardens of the Goldsmiths' company, requiring them to nominate a competent number of sufficient and able freemen of their company to be of the jury. The formalities of the trial by pix were described; but we must pass over these, and conclude with the capabilities of the Mint, and the advantage of its being able to turn out a given quantity of coin in a given time. The eight presses could produce 392,892 pieces in a day, or 2,357,352 per week, or 122,582,304 per annum. In 1842 the weight of gold bars worked in seven days was = 10 tons; the coined work weighed 12,058 lbs. the value of which was 935,434*l.* The number of pieces coined from the 1st July 1842, to 1st July 1844, were—

Sovereigns and half-sovereigns	15,920,411
Silver	20,976,736
Copper	19,631,300
	56,528,367

In 1816, when the new silver coinage took place, in nine months there were coined 57,960,936 pieces: the total value of that coinage was = 2,745,666*l.* 247,696 pieces were struck per day, = 30,962 daily at each press. During the panic of 1825, bullion came in from the Bank on Saturday, and 140,000 sovereigns were returned on Tuesday, and the same number every day until the following Saturday, when confidence was restored. Gold ingots came in from the Bank at nine o'clock in the morning of the 17th Dec., and at ten at night 47,000 sovereigns were coined and finished. These facts are sufficient to shew the extent, perfection, and good management of the machinery and business of the Mint.

Jan. 31st.—Mr. Faraday, "On the liquefaction and solidification of gases." The popular and able manner in which the Fullerian Professor treats whatever subject he illustrates has been so frequently exhibited in our columns, that we may be excused entering at length into the explanations and examples given by Mr. Faraday, on the present occasion, to carry with him the attention of a mixed audience. The subject was a branch of pure science in which Mr. Faraday has been eminently successful; and we confine our remarks to a brief statement of his past achievements, and the results and methods of his recent valuable investigations. Nine gaseous bodies had already yielded to his early experiments, and had been reduced to the liquid state by pressure. These were chlorine, muriatic

acid, sulphurous acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic acid, euchlorine, nitrous oxide, cyanogen, and ammonia. Since then many continental chemists have endeavoured to extend this list of liquefiable gases, and moreover still farther to reduce and render them solid. They have added, however, only one, arseniuretted hydrogen; and carbonic acid and cyanogen have been solidified respectively by Thilorier and Bunsen. Faraday considered that their failure was attributable to the employment of pressure alone, which had been tried to an enormous extent, 200 atmospheres; and that, for the liquefaction or solidification of bodies, reduction of temperature, as well as pressure, was necessary. As, for instance, pressure only could never solidify warm water; its temperature must be lowered to 32° F. before it would become ice. Acting upon this idea, and using, with the air-pump, a "cold bath" of a solution of solid carbonic acid in ether, the temperature of which in vacuo is 160° F., or 192° below the freezing point, together with an ingenious arrangement of pressure-pumps, and tubes of common green bottle-glass, which resist an immense force, Mr. Faraday has liquefied six additional gases, namely, olefiant gas, phosphoretted hydrogen, hydriodic acid, hydrobromic acid, fluo-boric, and fluo-silicic. Of these he has solidified the hydrobromic and hydriodic acids; and of the former nine, sulphurous acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, euchlorine, nitrous oxide, and ammonia. Olefiant gas was the subject of the illustration, and publicly exhibited for the first time in the state of a liquid. Mr. Faraday had hoped to have been able to shew hydrogen as a metallic body; he had not, however, quite succeeded, but he expected soon to condense both hydrogen and oxygen. We will not add a word of comment. Every man of science will at once appreciate these fresh instances of Faraday's skilful and valuable researches.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Feb. 1, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sittings of 20th and 27th Jan.—M. Dumas communicated a note from M. Schroter, on some experiments shewing that chlorine, spongy platinum, &c. submitted to the temperature of solid carbonic acid cease to produce the reactions which they influence at ordinary temperatures.

A letter from M. Schumacher contained new observations of the comet of M. D'Arrest, made on 10th Jan. at Altona and at Berlin. The following elements have been calculated by M. Rumker.

Passage to the perihelion 1845, Jan. 12-3528, mean Greenwich time.

Longitude of perihelion	97° 59' 35"
Longitude of ascending node	337 7 37
Inclination	47 4 21
Log. q	9.5756

Movement direct.

These elements establish some analogy with the comet of 1779. But conclusions should not be hastily drawn from these analogies; for the result of M. Faye's calculations just made for the orbit of this comet disproves its identity with the comet of 1793, which was at first supposed.

M. Dumas communicated a note from M. Morren on the cause of the sudden death of fish, which has been sometimes noticed. The writer does not deny the influence attributed to sulphuretted hydrogen, and to sudden falls of temperature; but he adds to these a more general one, the dis-oxygenation of the water. In the normal state, the mean of the oxygena-

tion of water may be fixed at 32 or 33 per cent. M. Morren has seen it sometimes fall to 17 and rise to 61 per cent. In the first case, fish could not live in such water; they were seen with their heads out of the water, as though to breathe oxygen in the gaseous state, but they soon perished.

M. Lereboullet, from the autopsy of a caiman, contradicts the general opinion that inflammation is impossible in cold-blooded animals.

French Antiquarian Intelligence.—In the church of St. Pierre at Chartres are twelve curious paintings in enamel, representing the twelve apostles. They were brought during the revolution from the magnificent Château of Anet, near Paris (then destroyed). One bears the signature L.L., which shews them to have been the work of Leonard le Limousin, an artist in enamel, and valet de chambre to Henry II. of France. In the gallery of the Louvre are two curious paintings of the same nature, one representing Henry II. as St. Thomas; the other, Admiral Chabot as St. Paul.

It had been remarked by some French antiquaries, that figures of women with their eyes bandaged up represented, during the middle ages, Faith—as believing without seeing. M. Didron maintains, on the contrary, that this style of emblematic figure, which is of frequent occurrence in windows, in mss., and in sculptured groups, during the middle ages, was intended to represent the Jewish religion as distinguished from the Christian. She has her eyes blinded because she would not recognise the Messiah in Jesus Christ, and refused to believe that the prophecies had been accomplished. In a Christmas carol, attributed to St. Bernard, occurs this verse:

“Esaias cecinit,
Synagoga meminit;
Nunquam tamen desinit
Esse cæca.”

Sometimes also the tables of the Mosaic law, thrown down, are represented by the side of this figure: and very commonly she has on her head a crown falling off, or she bears a standard just breaking, a dress becoming unfastened, or a cloak flying off her shoulders. She is always represented in opposition and as a *pendant* to the Church, which is typified by a female figure with a crown and a cloak fitting firmly, with a cross and a chalice. A fine example of this is to be found in a ms. Bible, No. 6829, Bibliothèque Royale.

In the Cathedral of Poitiers are no fewer than 70 stalls of the 13th century, with sculptured portions of the beginning of the 14th. They are much disfigured by paint, but are otherwise in good preservation. A beautiful engraving of the most interesting among them, representing an architect at work, compass in hand, is given in the last number of M. Didron's *Annales Archéologiques*.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Jan. 29.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. W. Dyke, fellow of Jesus College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—G. A. Quicke, fellow of New College.

Masters of Arts.—M. Morgan, Trinity College, Rev. J. Clements, Oriel College, R. Richardson, Brasenose College, grand compounders: Rev. J. W. Fletcher, Brasenose Coll.; Rev. J. J. Wilkinson, Queen's Coll.; Rev. D. Royce, Christ Church Coll.; Rev. J. Harris, Pembroke College; Rev. H. Bittleston, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. Cramer, student, C. Marston, N. Spicer, H. W. Brown, P. G. M. Dowall, C. W. Taylor, Christ Church College; W. Belgrave, Lincoln Coll.;

P. Lockton, Magd. Hall; J. Craster, St. John's Coll.; W. Denton, Worcester Coll.

CAMBRIDGE.—There was an accidental omission in the list of degrees conferred on the 23d ult., which we published last week. The following ought to have been added to those we printed:—

Honorary Master of Arts.—Hon. W. C. Spring Rice, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Baxter, incorporated B.A. from Dublin; H. Newport, Pembroke College.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Feb. 1st.—The Earl of Auckland in the chair.

The paper read was “A short history of the cinnamon-trade of Ceylon, from its earliest known history to the present time,” by Mr. J. Capper.

After alluding to the use of cinnamon by the Israelites for sacrificial and, probably, medical purposes, and to the early commerce of Egypt with the ports of Southern India and Ceylon, the writer passes on to the discovery of the way to India by the Cape, which threw the trade with that country into the hands of the Portuguese. This nation, however, took but little cinnamon—the Arabs being then the chief customers for the spice, which they have continued to employ largely until within these fifty years; since when, the use of cassia, at a much cheaper rate, has superseded the genuine spice. When the Dutch took possession of Ceylon, they saw the advantages of the cinnamon-trade; and one of their governors, Falk, determined to cultivate it on his own lands, near Colombo, in spite of much opposition from the Chalias, who had hitherto kept the management to themselves.

Falk succeeded in producing finer cinnamon than any hitherto known; and by judicious encouragement to the neighbouring villagers, he greatly extended its cultivation. The trade increased under the Dutch, until the exportation, about a century ago, reached to 8000 bales annually of 88lbs. each, of which 6000 went to Europe; after this time the trade greatly decreased. When the English became masters of Ceylon, they found the cultivation confined to the vicinity of Colombo, as Falk had left it.

They immediately proceeded to take measures for its increase, and, so soon as they obtained the requisite knowledge, for its improvement. Mr. Carrington, in 1805 and 1806, gave the greatest impulse to this improvement; and the lands planted under his auspices still produce the best and largest quantities of cinnamon; though his plans, like those of the Dutch, appear to have been oppressive to the natives, who were compelled to preserve their plantations under severe penalties. Of the quantity produced at the period when the English took possession, there appears to be no record; but in 1804-5, the average was 3000 bales, which increased to 4500 in 1814; and in the following year, when the Kandyan provinces fell into our power, the quantity increased to 9600 bales. This large amount, however, was not maintained; but the annual produce varied, for about six years, from 4000 to 7000 bales. In 1823 the cultivation was greatly extended: between 600 and 700 acres of new land were drained, cleared, and planted, and 900 men employed upon them; but in 1833 the trade was thrown open; all the workmen upon the new plantation were discharged; and, with the exception of a few favoured spots, these fine properties were ruined: the large and expensive drains opened by government being filled up, much of the land was converted into bogs and swamps; and on several hundred acres not a vestige of cinnamon was to be found. The opening of the trade to private dealers gave a considerable stimulus at first, but it was not permanent; and even the reduction of the export-duty in 1836 failed to

induce any increased activity. The trade also suffered severely from the substitution of cassia, which was produced at a tithe of the price, and which, from that time to the present, has supplanted cinnamon both at home and in foreign markets. When the trade was opened the government began to diminish their operations gradually. At first they ceased to cut cinnamon from the jungles, and took only from their own plantations: they peeled for a few years about 2500 bales on the average; in 1840 the number of bales was 1795; and in 1841, 900 only. After this the trade was entirely abandoned by government, who proceeded to dispose of all their stock at what it would fetch, in quantities of 200 bales every month. In May 1843 a great reduction in the export-duty from Ceylon took place; but the trade continued to decline until about the beginning of 1844, when the great diminution of the stock in the hands of government caused prices to rise 50 per cent; and the prospects of the trade seem now to be again reviving. The paper concluded with some details of the divisions or castes of the cinnamon-peelers, and of the mode in which these people were managed under the system of forced labour, which was at length abolished by the British government.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 6th.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair. Mr. R.

Hollier exhibited a Roman bronze bust, used apparently as a steelyard-weight, discovered near Nursling, in Hampshire. It represents a bacchante in a goat's-skin drapery, and adorned with grapes and vine-leaves. The eyes are of silver, the pupils, probably of coloured glass or paste, are wanting. The lips and nipples have been inserted, and are of copper.—Mr. C. R. Smith exhibited a plaster-cast of a sculptured hand holding a patera, discovered by Mr. E. T. Artis at Sibson, near Wansford, in Northamptonshire, where the fragments of statues of Hercules, Minerva, and Apollo, were recently excavated. This fragment, which belongs most likely to another statue, is of excellent workmanship.—The secretary then read the remaining portion of Mr. Stapleton's paper “On the succession of William of Arques;” and a paper by the Rev. S. Isaacson (also supplied by the committee of the British Archaeological Association, “On some Roman remains discovered at Dymchurch in Kent.”

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

At the meeting of the 4th inst., Mr. W. F. Ainsworth in the chair, various donations of manuscripts and books were announced. Mr. C. F. Barker read the conclusion of his paper “On the present condition of Syria,” which was illustrated by numerous tables of former and existing tariffs, and of produce. An account was also given of the improvements which had taken place in the rearing of the silkworm, and in the quality of the silk. This paper was followed by a lively discussion, in which Sir C. Malcolm, having alluded to the anomalous character of the Druses, the opinion of several travellers present tended to corroborate the possibility of their being a race descended from an admixture of crusaders and natives. Mr. Barker pointed out, that although Druses as a nation, they were not co-religionists; some being Muhammadans, some Christians; and from this commingling of creeds, many were neither one nor the other. This fact, combined with the habit the Druses, Ansarians, Mutuelis, and other Syrian people have of disguising their faith, assists materially in explaining the discord-

ancy of opinion which often exists among travellers upon this subject. Col. Everest, of the Indian survey, was inclined to think, that where there were so many opposing creeds, a good government was almost an impossibility. A Syrian gentleman present, however, hoped better things from the progress of intercourse.

A notice was then read of the progress made in the archaeological explorations carrying on at Hors'abad, near Mosul. Mr. Ainsworth pointed out the great distance of the site of these explorations from the ruins of Nineveh—fifteen miles; being two miles less than the distance of Resen (now Nimrud), which was between Nineveh and Calah; and twelve miles more removed than the castle noticed by Xenophon, and now represented by the ruins of Yarus-jah; and which were yet, neither of them, ever confounded with Nineveh itself. He then noticed that the progress of the explorations tended, from the manner in which certain inscriptions and sculptures had been found, to attest that what there was of Assyrian in the remains had been removed thither from somewhere else, probably from Nineveh itself, and used as building materials; and that the character of the inscriptions, which resemble those of Bisutun, and of the middle column at Persepolis, was rather to attest a Kayanian or Persian, than an Assyrian or even a Median origin to these remains of antiquity. If the identity of the Jibal Maklûb with the Mons Nikator, and of the Khûzar Su with the Bumadû of the historians of Alexander, could be established, it was not improbable that the edifice in question might have existed till the time of the last of that dynasty (Darius Codomanus), as the Gangamela, near which the Persians delivered their third and last engagement with the Macedonians.—Dr. H. Yates afterwards announced that the paper on the Hamyaritic inscriptions, by Professor Lee of Cambridge, would be read at the next meeting, on the 18th instant.

Narrative of the Proceedings in the Court of Common Pleas against Mr. Thomas Rodd, for the purpose of wresting from him a certain Manuscript Roll, under pretence of its being a Document belonging to that Court; and of the Trouble and Expense to which he has been put in defending his Character and Property.

This long title-page explains the nature of an appeal which involves not only individual but national interests. There is a something of acerbity in the spirit in which it is written; but in excuse it may be urged that Mr. Rodd feels himself peculiarly aggrieved, and has incurred, besides anxiety, an actual legal expense of 50*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.*, in defending a manuscript for which he asked the price of 24*s.*, and refused to deliver gratis to the mandate of the powers that be. The question is one of very considerable literary consequence. The bookseller laid upon his counter openly for sale a manuscript so ancient that few persons were able to decipher what it was, and he himself could not tell any customer. All he could make out was, that it was cramped, full of contractions, and as difficult to read as if it had been Chinese or Median. At last a sufficient scholar looked in, and discovered that the hieroglyph was the Filazer's Roll of the Court of Common Pleas, of John Pitt, 23d of Elizabeth; and as such, a public document, was claimed by the authority of the court, Lord Langdale. "But," says Mr. Rodd, "you are in the habit of selling tons of parchments and vellums, and I bought this fairly in the market; and I will not give it up unless I am paid for it. Four and twenty shillings is

the price; take it, or leave it." "Pardon me," replies Lord Langdale, "it belongs to my court; and I insist upon having it free gratis for nothing." Hereupon issue is joined; and the formal legal steps are taken to compel Mr. Rodd to fear the rod, and surrender the property in dispute. But still he is obstinate, and he appears to justify his possession at law, when—O lame and impotent conclusion!—the rule is discharged (*i.e.* the prosecution is abandoned), the bookseller keeps the vellum; but as the crown never pays costs, it costs him the fifty pounds odds for defying the mandate of the Common Pleas. He then memorialises the Treasury; but we should like to know who ever expected or got any thing out of that place: the lords whereof write a civil answer to inform him, that they could see nothing in his case to induce them to depart from their usual practice. Thus he has only his dear-bought vellum roll to comfort him; and, as a farther *solatium*, the opportunity for stating his opinion, not in the mildest manner, of the abuses in selling ancient records; of individual misconduct; and of the tremendous expense of the Record Commission, without the shadow of adequate service. So says Mr. Rodd; and *non nostrum*, say we.

The Archaeological Journal. No. IV. London, Longmans, Pickering, G. Bell; Oxford, J. Parker; and Cambridge, Deighton.

THIS No. worthily completes the first annual volume of the British Archaeological Association. It commences with a paper suggesting the extension of the Association by various measures which are pointed out; and recommending voluntary subscriptions in addition to the annual guinea at the anniversaries; the establishment of a museum and library accessible on payment of a small yearly fee; and a club and club-house in London for resident and provincial members. How far these hints are capable of being carried into useful effect, we know not. The next paper, by Mr. T. Wright, is a very interesting one, being Illustrations of Domestic Architecture from illuminated MSS., with pertinent remarks and curious woodcuts. On Ancient mixed Masonry, by M. H. Bloxam; English Mediæval Embroidery, by C. H. Hartshorne; and Mediæval Ecclesiastical Architecture in Paris (continued), by Mr. Longueville Jones,—are all appropriate and valuable contributions. The rest of the papers, including Report of the Proceedings at Canterbury, are not so striking; but the whole No. is full of intelligence, and should be in the hands of every member of the Association.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (lecture).
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. Soc. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Astronomical (anniversary meeting), 5 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Philological, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (conversazione).
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH GALLERY.—ENGLISH SCHOOL.

In the midst of some confusion of ladders, scaffolds, and artists giving the finishing gallery-touches to their works, we have had the gratification of a hasty glance at the Exhibition for the present year in Pall Mall. And it rejoices

us to say, that on such a view, it appears to us to be superior in merit, as it is larger in point of number, than any we have seen for a considerable time. We believe that it is in consequence of some new regulations that all the pictures on these walls, and the three rooms are covered, are original, and have not been previously exposed to the public eye. This gives a great freshness and interest to the Exhibition. But what is yet more satisfactory, many of our most eminent artists have enriched it with their productions, and imparted to it a tone which could not be achieved by the rising class however promising in their arduous profession. At present it would be invidious, as it would also seem partial, to go into any detailed criticism; but we may note, that, through all the obstacles we have alluded to, we could not but be struck with subjects by E. Landseer, Stanfield, Lee, and other members of the Royal Academy, as well as by not a few specimens of charming feeling and poetical imagining in younger and less exalted aspirants. To these we shall in due season point attention; and meanwhile have the pleasure to repeat, that the gallery of our native art for 1845 will form an honourable epoch in its history.

DISCOVERIES AT NINEVEH.

In former *Gazettes* will be found an account of the excavations undertaken by the French government near the ruins of Nineveh, and of the drawings of the sculptures and copies of the inscriptions discovered, under the management of MM. Botta and Flandin. It appears from a letter in the *Malta Times*, dated Constantinople, January 7, 1845, that the examination of the ruins had been completed, and that M. Flandin had returned there, on his way to France, with the result of his labours. The further information is, that fifteen chambers, some above one hundred feet in length, and evidently forming part of a magnificent palace, have been opened. Their walls are entirely covered with inscriptions and sculptures. The latter are, almost without exception, historical, and illustrate events of the highest interest, sieges, naval manœuvres, triumphs, single combats, &c. The inscriptions are in a cuneiform character, closely resembling that found in the middle column of the inscriptions of Persepolis, Hamadan (Ecbatana), and Bisutun, and in the earlier inscriptions of Van. Each wall bears two rows of sculptures, one placed above the other; and the inscriptions, containing generally about twenty lines, are graven between. Frequently, however, they also occur on the garments of figures, or on towns and other objects found in the bas-reliefs. There cannot be a doubt that they are a portion of the historical records of a kingdom. It is well known that hitherto this class of cuneiform character, which is frequently called the Median, has baffled the researches of Oriental scholars. The results already obtained in deciphering the simpler form of the arrow-headed, will, it is probable, afford a clue to the more complicated character. Should this be the case, we may anticipate the recovery of the records of an empire whose extent and power were the wonder of the eastern world, and of whose very existence we have but the vaguest and most unsatisfactory notices. The sculptures are said to be perfectly original in design and execution, and to have no connexion with Greek art. Their spirit and beauty are astonishing; and to those who have been accustomed to look upon the Greeks as the only masters of the imitative arts, they will furnish new matter for inquiry and reflection.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BUENOS AYRES.

Nov. 1, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—In my last I gave you some slight idea of the character of two of the principal persons who govern this misgoverned country; and they are a fair sample of most of the leading men of the present administration, with very few exceptions (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1454). To enable you to form a better idea of the existing state of affairs, it will be necessary to go back as far as 1810, when the Buenos Ayreans declared their independence. From that time to 1820 they amused themselves by electing and deposing governors: there were no fewer than four appointed in February of that year; and in the remaining ten months eight more were chosen and deposed, while they vainly endeavoured to form some shape out of the chaos they had themselves created. But what with the intriguing and want of good faith among them, all they planned fell to the ground, or “dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision.” Manuel Dorrego, whose fate forms a principal feature in, or cause for the last sixteen years’ revolutions, was one of the most active in keeping alive this unsettled state of things. From 1820 to 1826 they had been attempting to form a federal government; but it wanted what chemists call the attraction of coherency, or uniting bodies of different natures; and as there evidently was little hopes of effecting this combination, Rivadavia, who was appointed president, tried to frame a constitution on a more solid principle—but in vain; and finding his opponents were deeper and dirtier politicians than even himself, he wisely resigned, and was succeeded by Manuel Dorrego; for Rosas preferred working *sub rosa*, making a tool of Dorrego, who was an ambitious man; treacherous and intriguing; plausible and condescending when he wanted to gain a point or a partisan, but tyrannical and overbearing in all other cases. To this may be attributed, in a great measure, the revolution of Lavalle in 1828; as you will see by the following anecdote, on the truth and correctness of which you may depend.

Lavalle was commander-in-chief of the troops employed in the Banda Oriental at the time they were at war with Brazil; and actually did wonders, defeating the enemy in several engagements with a mere handful of troops. But the necessities of this little band of brave men were not attended to, and their wants became urgent; for, like Falstaff’s regiment, they had but a shirt and a half to a company, and those stolen from some black Desdemona. Lavalle’s repeated applications for money and clothing for his troops were disregarded, till he could bear it no longer, and came over to Buenos Ayres himself to request the government would provide for the wants of his soldiers. Dorrego, instead of using the *suaviter in modo*, chose the *fortiter in re*, and ordered him to return to his duty; the government would send the supplies they thought necessary when it suited their convenience! Such an uncouth and insulting answer to an officer who deserved well of his country, stung him to the quick; but he obeyed the order, inasmuch as he embarked directly, swearing vengeance on the mulatto who had insulted him!

In about ten days after, he (Lavalle) made his appearance at Buenos Ayres at the head of (600) as fine soldiers (dark and devilish) as ever supported an adored and provoked commander: they took possession of the Plana, and such points as were necessary to command the city;

while Dorrego sneaked off to consult his brother in intrigue, Rosas. In a few days Lavalle followed him; they met near a town called Navavino, a few leagues from Buenos Ayres; a battle ensued, in which Dorrego and Rosas were defeated and fled. The discomfited chiefs consulted what was to be done, and Rosas recommended Dorrego to summon Colonel Acha, who had the command of some dragoon regiments, while he endeavoured to collect the stragglers. Acha, instead of obeying his governor, made him prisoner, and delivered him to Lavalle; while Rosas, privately suspecting what would happen, instead of collecting troops, made the best of his way to Santa Fé, and escaped; and when they went in search of him, the bird was flown. Brought up with Indians and Jesuits, he knew how to deceive those he pretended most to trust. Lavalle, in the mean time, called a council of war respecting Dorrego: a number of charges were brought against him, such as betraying the interests of his country to enrich himself and friends, inducing Indians (the enemies of the country) to fight against them, &c. These accusations were sent to the fort, where a military commission was held, in which, I am sorry to say, Admiral Brown (as governor *pro tempore*) was president. Sentence of death was adjudged, and Dorrego was accordingly shot; but it was no sooner done than a feeling arose that alarmed the commission who had authorised it. Lavalle, with that romantic bravery which characterised him, issued a bulletin, taking the whole of the odium on himself, by saying, “by my order Colonel Dorrego was shot this morning at the head of the troops,” &c. It is (or rather would be) difficult to illustrate the character of Lavalle, had not accident made me acquainted with him, by which I had an opportunity of seeing his real character.

As a soldier he was brave to a fault, and well adapted for any enterprise where courage and fighting were the essential points; but imprudent and impetuous, more governed by passion and impulse of the moment, than by reason or reflection; generous and high-minded, but wrong-headed, and reckless of consequences,—he seemed to me as near the character of Hotspur as could be conceived. The fate of this unfortunate family reminds one of the tragedy of Macbeth—for father, mother, brothers, sisters, amounting to eleven persons, were on a sudden swept off; but the exact cause of their death remains in doubt—some say by the scarlet fever, and some say by the assistance of medicine; but be that how it may, they disappeared suddenly and strangely; though the fate of Lavalle himself is not clouded by any doubts—the facts are well known and officially attested! It appears that Rosas had in his pay a certain person among Lavalle’s troops to give information of any chance that might occur, where he (Lavalle) might be surprised and assassinated. In one of his marches he imprudently took up his quarters in a rancho with his secretary, more than half a mile from his troops; notice was conveyed to the parties set to watch, and consequently, very early, before sunrise, they proceeded stealthily towards the spot. The secretary observing some men evidently trying to advance unseen, gave notice to Lavalle, but too late—he had only time to close the door: the party fired through it, and wounded him mortally. His troops (Lavalle’s) were now in motion (and the murderers had to decamp without knowing the result), but when the former arrived their general was no more, a ball having passed through his chest. Thus ended the life of as brave a man as ever fought for the liberty of South America, in which he distinguished him-

self preeminently. His family, as I have shewn, were already disposed of; but it still remained to crown these unhallowed acts—to reward the murderers of Lavalle. Were I to relate it, I fear you might think it was overcharged, or that I had some prejudiced feeling to gratify; therefore I enclose you a translation of the decree, now before me in the *Gaceta Mercantil*; dated Tuesday, 28th of March, 1843, in answer to a solicitation of the murderer to Rosas, stating his services!

“In consequence of the high and important service rendered to the Federation by Jose Bracho, soldier of the regiment of the Escort of Liberty, we declare him a hero well deserving of his country, and worthy of the highest and most favoured distinction of all the federals; a lieutenant of cavalry, with the monthly pay of 300 dollars, creditor for 3 square leagues of land, 600 head of horned cattle, and 1000 sheep. This original decree to be given him for his satisfaction, sending eight copies to the necessary authorities, that he may enjoy the rank and pay of lieutenant from the day he killed the savage Unitarian Lavalle—by a special favour of divine Providence clearly visible in favour of this country! A certificate to be given him from the same date for the 3 square leagues of land, a second for the cattle, a third for his carbine, to be placed in the museum as a national trophy. Furthermore, that a full-dress uniform, as lieutenant of cavalry, be presented him by the principal aid-de-camp (Don Antonio Ruges), with a silver medal and 2000 dollars.”

(Signed) Rosas.”

It is thus murder is rewarded in this country; and of late we have had some dreadful instances of the effect of this new moral code, designating such an act as a special favour of divine Providence, and rewarding the perpetrators as heroes! Some have been inveigled out of their houses under false pretences; others have been taken by force from the midst of their families, and their throats cut almost within their hearing. One unfortunate man was actually carried out of his shop, a public store in the centre of the town, at eight in the evening, stabbed and mutilated, and while yet alive put into a pitch-barrel, before his own door, and burnt to death! And for what?—to support the sacred cause of federation. These are the acts of the illustrious restorer of the laws, Don Manuel Rosas and his worthy supporters! And yet, in defiance of such dreadful atrocities, there are persons sufficiently degraded for filthy lucre, not only to defend them, but hold him up as the most generous, humane, and noble-minded man in South America.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—A new ballet, founded on the interesting story of the heathen mythology of the fifty daughters of Danaus being married to the fifty sons of Egyptus, &c., was produced at Drury Lane on Tuesday, and was witnessed throughout with a sort of weary toleration. It is the composition of a M. Hoguet, and is about as dull and stupid an affair as we ever saw. It was occasionally relieved by some laughable energy, intended for effective serio-pantomime on the part of its author, and by one or two effective *pas*, by M. H. Vestris, who is re-engaged, and Mdle. Maria, a *débutante* from the Académie Royal, who is an accomplished dancer of the second order. The whole is a *refacciamento* of old scenery and old dances, without novelty of any kind or striking feature to recommend it.

Covent Garden.—The play of *Henry IV.* pre-

sented us on Thursday with the novelties of Mr. Henry Betty in *Holspur*, and Mr. Hackett in *Falstaff*. Of the former we have little to say; it lacked fire and discrimination, and, in short, the whole performance went off so tamely, that if we had never seen it under better auspices, we should have thought it exceedingly dull. Of the Falstaff also we find it impossible to speak with praise. Almost every body, however, has an ideal of this character, and the actor may often fail because his conception differs from the spectator's standard. Thus Mr. Hackett's fat knight was, to our apprehension, far too sententious. He was more like a professed satirist than the unctuous humorist whose overflowings of wit gave the point to his observations. Falstaff premeditated nothing—Mr. Hackett premeditated much. His whole study seemed to us to be a careful mistake; and except the scene with *Mrs. Quickly*, and the soliloquy on his ragged regiment, we discovered none of the natural chuckle which self-rewarded his impromptu ingenuity of defence and his inroads of ridicule into the quarters of his assailants. One of the consequences of this idea of the part was, to make the whole run slow, where the business should have gone trippingly, and turn several of the best scenes into drawing. This pervaded the night; and without going farther we may remark, that notwithstanding the pains which Mr. Hackett has obviously taken with Falstaff, and the ability he displayed in working out his view of the part, it was only one of the many efforts we have witnessed, and by first-rate artists too, which did not satisfy us with the representation.

Adelphi.—A sparkling little two-act piece, called the *Soldier of Fortune*, was brought out on Thursday, and met with great success: it is mainly supported by Mr. Hudson, in an Irish character, which he played with ease and nonchalance, and in which he introduced Lover's song, "The bold soger-boy," with happy effect. The other parts were subordinate; but Miss Woolgar in male garb, and Miss Fortescue in female, and Messrs. Selby, Lambert, and Cowell, did their best; and, with some pretty scenery, its reception was another of the Adelphi-hit sort.

Theatrical Rumours, &c.—There is some talk of an arrangement by which plays of Shakspeare and the legitimate drama will be performed thrice a week at the St. James's theatre. Mr. Macready and an adequate company would be combined to carry this desirable plan into effect; and the theatre is of a size which would enable the public to enjoy the sterling drama.

In our last we mentioned the handsome poniard presented by the King of the French to our great tragedian, and have since seen the royal gift. It is in a beautifully chased gold scabbard, richly set on the side uppermost in the case with large emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. The emeralds adorn the hilt and point of the scabbard; the rubies are in raised moulds running down each side. Besides this mark of honour, Mr. Macready received a no less flattering testimony of admiration and esteem from the Society of Dramatic Authors of France. It is a gold octagonal medal, inscribed with his name, date, and the compliment of presentation. On the obverse, emblematic trophies.

Errata.—By the accidental transposition of a line in our dramatic notices last week, we gave praise to one house which was intended for another. The Lyceum should have had the credit for the clever little farce called the *Model of a Wife*; and the Strand notice should have read, that Mr. Wild was performing in some of the characters which he rendered so popular during his administration of affairs at the Olympic. To make

amends, this week the Lyceum has produced another new clever comic drama, called *Taking Possession*, and the Strand a laughable burlesque of *Antigone*.

THE FAIRIES' SONG.*

Inscribed to the LOVER of Irish Minstrelsy.

(It is said that the fairies reward those who listen with attention to their music, and punish those who treat it with disrespect.)

If you hear a sound at night
Borne upon the breeze,
Like the voice of seraphs bright,
Like the whispering trees:
If it flow, though faint and low,
Like a stream along,—
Hush! your lightest breath forego,
'Tis the fairies' song.
And blessed are they by the mystic throng
Who calmly hear the fairies' song.
If the sound be like a voice
Whispering to your heart;
If it make your soul rejoice,
Like Kathleen's when apart;
If you pause and wonder why
Such to earth belong,—
Do not breathe your lightest sigh,
'Tis the fairies' song.
And they are blessed by the mystic throng
Who ne'er disturb the fairies' song.
Then if, after many a year,
Some bard of Erin's isle
Sing the song you love to hear,
And your heart beguile;
If that song your soul has stirred,
Be his passion strong.—
Oh, be sure that he has heard
And caught—the fairies' song.
Oh! Erin's bards sing sweet and strong,
For they have heard the fairies' song.
Leamington. J. E. CARPENTER.

VARIETIES.

The Portland Vase.—This beautiful ornament of the British Museum was yesterday wantonly smashed literally to atoms by a miscreant who stated his name to be Lloyd, but who would give no farther account of himself. The missile used, we heard, was a Babylonian brick; and not a vestige larger than a sixpence remains of the Portland Vase!!

The Civil Engineers.—We are very sorry to hear that something like a collision has occurred in the direction of this institution; which has within a few years been raised to considerable publicity and importance. Professional influence and employment, it may be supposed, were consequent upon celebrity in its ranks; and where such interests exist, competition, if not jealousy, is pretty sure to spring up. All we can say farther, at present, is, that Mr. Walker has retired from the presidency, and Sir John Rennie been elected as his successor.

The Cambridge Camden Society, upon whose operations and publications we offered a commentary in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1461, has been found in the wrong by the elaborate judgment of Sir H. Jenner Fust, in the suit between it and the Rev. Mr. Faulkner, minister of St. Sepulchre's, respecting the erection of the altar and credence-table, which (in despite of him) it insisted on placing in his church, instead of the communion-table, which was there before the so-called repairs were begun. Again we say,

"'Tis true 'tis pitiful, 'tis pitiful 'tis true,"

that such non-essentials should be raked up to distract and endanger the church. In condemning the credence-table, Sir H. Fust stated the following curious etymological grounds for his decision:—"I do not find any sufficient information to enable me to judge when this article was first introduced into the Romish church or into our English churches. It is clear that they were in use at the time of Archbishop Laud, and before his time. It is

* This song will be set to music by Mr. F. N. Crouch.

admitted by the learned counsel on both sides that the term is derived from the Italian language; but in Adelung's German Dictionary we have the following definition of the word:—*Credenzen*, verb reg. act., from the Italian *credenzare*, to taste beforehand the meats and drink before they were offered to be enjoyed by another: an ancient court-practice, which was performed by the cupbearers and carvers, who for this reason were also called *credenzers*. Hence also the *credenz teller*—credence-plate—on which the cupbearers *credenced* the wine; and in general, a plate on which a person offers anything to another: *credenz tische*, credence-table, a sideboard, an artificial cupboard with a table for the purpose of arranging in order and keeping the drinking apparatus therein. In the Greek and Latin churches something of the same kind was in use under another name. The word used to describe it is *σπάθεις*, that is, table, or preparation, or proposition, as on it were placed the elements before they were placed on the high altar for consecration."

The Right Hon. W. Sturges Bourne.—This gentleman, distinguished through a long political career, died at his seat, Testwood House, on Saturday last, in the 76th year of his age. He was the author of several legislative measures of importance to the lower orders, and his writings on these subjects, as well as his general love and cultivation of literature, entitle him to a notice and regret in our literary page. In private life Mr. Bourne was frank and communicative of the stores of information he possessed, both from station and powers of mind, and his society was of the most agreeable and instructive kind. We knew no man more truly and extensively esteemed; though he had outlived the great majority of his earliest friends and compatriots.

Hydraulic Locomotive.—We have heard much of the successful application of hydraulic pressure to every kind of propulsion, by sea and land. The principle, we understand, is, by means of machinery, to regenerate the power expended, so that every impulse, instead of exhausting, reinforces it; and thus the action is continued with unabated force *ad infinitum*. We are not further informed; and can only add, that the invention has been under the consideration of a government-board, and has seemed to deserve very grave attention.

Roman Antiquities.—There has just been discovered at Auch, in the Plaine de Gers, near the site of the ancient Augusta, a beautiful specimen of the Roman mosaic. The part already cleared measures about 4 feet in length, by about 2 feet 8 in. in width. It is of the Gallo-Roman epoch, so remarkable for the purity of its design.—*Galignani*.

Four or five hundred Roman medals, of the largest size and in perfect preservation, have been found by a labourer in the ruins of the old château of Larc le Chatel (Nievre). They are for the most part of the dates of Adrian, Sabinius, Marcus Aurelius, Ælius, Antonius, Faustina, Verus Lurillus, Commodus, Crispinus, and Septimius Severus, going back to 117 of the Christian, or 192 of the Roman era.—*Ibid*.

Good Plan for moving Plants, &c.—We have just heard of a valuable case of plants received by a gentleman in this settlement by the Teresa, which were packed in wet moss without any soil at the roots, and soldered in tin. This mode of packing answers remarkably well, as every tree appears to be alive and healthy. Fruit-trees may thus be obtained from England at considerably less cost than we have been accustomed to pay for them from the surrounding colonies.—*Nelson Examiner*, April 27.

Ancient Tunnel.—A letter from Marseilles, in the French papers, mentions the discovery of an ancient tunnel, passing from the old Abbey of St. Victoire, and running under an arm of the sea, covered with shipping, to the tower of Fort St. Nicholas. It is considered to be Roman, and is formed of a single vault, of 60 feet span, and one-fourth longer than the Thames tunnel.

Arctic Exploring Expedition.—Dr. King follows up his argument in favour of an overland expedition, to complete the survey of the northern shores of America, and has printed other papers and plans on the subject. The tone, as we before remarked, is strongly and personally controversial; but in the last issue, he states, as a credible report, that the Hudson's Bay Company have despatched Mr. Ray, a surgeon, on this service, to descend by the Great Fish River to trace Victoria Land westerly, and test its value relative to the north-west passage.

Opening of Sussex Hall.—We regret that we were prevented from availing ourselves of the invitation to attend this ceremony on the 20th ult., when the building intended for "The Jews and General Literary and Scientific Institution" was inaugurated, in Leadenhall Street. Many of the most eminent members of the Hebrew community (including Sir M. Montefiore, Sir J. L. Goldsmid, Mr. H. de Castro, Mr. David Salomons, &c.), and a number of their Christian friends, were present, and the theatre was brilliantly illuminated for their reception. The opening address was ably delivered by Mr. H. de Castro, the president; who presented the Rev. M. J. Raphael of Birmingham to pronounce the inaugural oration, which he did in an eloquent manner, and received great applause. Some literary and scientific exhibitions followed; and we rejoice to say, that there is every prospect of the permanent stability and usefulness of this establishment. The liberality of wealthy Jews in supporting their charities and other worthy designs is well known; and in this case, where the cultivation of the middle and lower classes is concerned, there is no doubt of sufficient provision.

The Electric Telegraph has been laid down from Nine Elms to Gosport and Southampton, under the superintendence of Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone; and signals have been communicated with perfect success from end to end, both by the battery and by the magneto-electric power.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Elements of Physics, Part I, Ponderable Bodies, by C. F. Peschel; translated, with Notes, by E. West, fop. 7s.—Dr. Aikin's Select Works of the British Poets, new edition, with a Supplement by Lucy Aikin, 8vo, 18s.—The Pencil of Nature; a Collection of Specimens of the Art of Photography, by H. F. Talbot, No. 2, 4to, 9s.—Elementary Liturgies; or, the Churchman's Primer, by G. A. Walker, fop. 3s. 6d.—Willich's Tithe Computation Tables, 1837 to 1845, royal 8vo, 11s. 6d., cloth.—H. W. Jeans's Rules for finding the Names and Positions of the Stars, royal 8vo, 3s. 6d.—Cain and Abel: a Dramatic Poem, &c., by W. Harper, post 8vo, 4s.—Egypt and Mehemet Ali, by Prince Puckler Muskau, post 8vo, 5s. (Newby's edition).—Practice of Insolvency in the Court of Bankruptcy, by Nicholls and Doyle, 2d edit. 12mo, 6s.—Egypt under Mehemet Ali, by Prince Puckler Muskau, post 8vo, 8s. (Colburn's edition).—Narratives of a Parent; or, Birth-day Tales, by Mrs. Everett, royal 18mo, 3s.—The Year of Affections, by Avillon, fop. 6s. 6d.—The Economy of the Marine Steam-Engine, by W. Gordon, R.N., 8vo, 10s. 6d.—The Trapper's Bride, &c., by Percy B. St. John, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Inquisitive Jack and his Aunt Mary, by Peter Parley, 18mo, 2s. 6d.—The Accusations of History against the Church of Rome, by the Rev. G. Townsend; new edit., by the Rev. E. Cox, 18mo, 4s.—The Symmetry of Revelation, a Witness to the Divinity of Christ, by the Rev. R. C. Cox, 8vo, 10s. 6d.

—Crotchet Explained and Illustrated, by C. Mee, oblong, 2s. 6d.—Supplement to the Authorised English Version of the New Testament, by the Rev. F. H. Serivener, Vol. I, 8vo, 10s. 6d.—A History of the Non-jurors, by T. Lathbury, M.A., 8vo, 14s.—The Communion Service, small folio, printed in black letter, bd. in parchment, 2s. 15s.—Baronial Halls of England, edited by S. C. Hall, Vol. I, imp. 4to, 2s. 5s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1845.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 23	from 43 to 45	29.73 . . . 29.51
Friday . . . 24	40 . . . 47	29.33 . . . 29.60
Saturday . . . 25	32 . . . 48	29.71 . . . 29.54
Sunday . . . 26	44 . . . 38	29.52 . . . 29.43
Monday . . . 27	41 . . . 32	29.07 . . . 28.97
Tuesday . . . 28	28 . . . 39	28.83 . . . 28.73
Wednesday . . . 29	35 . . . 27	28.99 . . . 29.02
Thursday . . . 30	24 . . . 33	28.99 . . . 28.94
Friday . . . 31	28 . . . 33	29.02 . . . 29.26
February.		
Saturday . . . 1	26 . . . 34	29.45 . . . 29.52
Sunday . . . 2	36 . . . 26	29.62 . . . 29.67
Monday . . . 3	25 . . . 40	29.58 . . . 29.63
Tuesday . . . 4	43 . . . 31	29.80 . . . 29.84
Wednesday . . . 5	30 . . . 42	29.69 stationary.

Wind on the 23d, S. by W. and S.; 24th, S. by W. and N.W.; 25th, S.W.; 26th, W. by S. and N. by W.; 27th, S.W. and N.W.; 28th, S.W.; 29th, N.W. and W. by N.; 30th, N.W.; 31st, N.W. and N. by W.; Feb. 1st, N. by W.; 2d, N.; 3d, S.W., N.W., and N.; 4th, N.; 5th, W. by S.

The 23d, generally cloudy, with misting rain; 24th, morning cloudy, afternoon clear; 25th, morning clear, afternoon generally cloudy; 26th, generally cloudy, hail and snow about noon; 27th, morning cloudy, with rain, afternoon clear; 28th, generally clear, with snow; 29th, morning cloudy, afternoon clear; 30th, generally hazy; 31st, generally cloudy, snow about noon; Feb. 1st, generally cloudy, snow at times; 2d, clear; 3d, generally cloudy, with rain; 4th, morning cloudy, evening clear; 5th, morning cloudy, afternoon clear. Rain fallen .235 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude, 51° 37' 32" north.
Longitude, 3° 51' west of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"NEWS": A noun substantive without the singular, unless it be considered as singular. "When Rhea heard these news, she fled," &c. Raleigh, *History of the World*. With the compliments of the author of *Honesty*.—A fair justification: see remark in last *Literary Gazette*, p. 75, at close of notice of Mr. Spicer's *Honesty*.—Ed. L. G.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Sum Assured.	Time Assured.	Sum added to Policy.
£5000 . . . 6 Years 10 Months		63 <i>l</i> . 6s. 8d.
5000 . . . 6 Years		500 0 0
5000 . . . 4 Years		500 0 0
5000 . . . 2 Years		200 0 0

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TO PRINTERS, PUBLISHERS, and

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STAMMERING.—MR. HUNT, of 224 Regent Street, has returned to Town for the Season.

A Prospectus, containing Testimonials from the "Times," "Literary Gazette," "Medical Chirurgical Review," &c., as well as from Sir Peter Laurie, respecting the cure of Mr. George Pearson, who witnessed the treasonable attempt on the Queen's life by Francis, sent, on application as above, to any part of the Kingdom.

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4 Trafalgar Square, Jan. 22, 1845.

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President—H. H. PRINCE ALBERT, K.G., F.R.S.

A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING will be held in the Great Room of the Society on **WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, 12th inst.**, at Eight o'clock precisely, to confirm the Minutes of the General Meeting of Feb. 25th.

THOMAS HOBLYN, Esq. F.R.S., V.P. in rotation.

By order,

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Adelphi, 6th Feb. 1845.

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